DIVINE POEMS,

WRITTEN

By

THOMAS WASHBOURNE,

Bachelour in Divinity.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flyes,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Herberts Church Porch.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Princes Arms in S. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1654.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE READER.

NOt any itching ambition to bee in print (thogh a very catching Diſeaſe of the time) but

but a zealous affection to be doing ſome good (though by weak meanes) hath inclined the Authour to the publication of theſe Papers, in hopes that the reading of them may make ſome pious impreſsions on thy ſoul, as the writing of them did in his. He is no pretender to extraordinary Gifts of the Spirit, as too many are, who have very little or no evidence to commend or approve them to others: whatſoever high conceits they may

may have of themſelvs; yet he is modeſtly confident that as theſe his Meditations now running in Verſe, ſtreamed for the moſt part from the Sanctuary, the Fountain of the Sacred Scriptures, ſo in ſome meaſure they derive a tincture from thoſe holy Waters; which though they may not reliſh well with the captious Critick, or the ſullen Cinnick, to whom they are not intended, yet hee believes they will not diſpleaſe the

Charitable and Conſcien-
cious Chriſtian; preſuming
that thou art ſuch, he is bold
to preſent them to thy view
in print, and thee to God in
prayer, deſiring thee to e-
ſteem of him no otherwiſe
then of thy Servant in
Chriſt,

TH. WASH.

To the Right honourable,

My ever Honoured Lady,

The LADY

VERE.

Madam,

SOme of these Papers coming to your view,
Receiv'd incouragement from you,
You first commended them unto the Press,
And therefore I could do no less
Then give them these commands,
First that they kiss your hands,
Then at your Honours feet let them fall low,
Confessing they their being to you owe.

Nor is this all, but let them further say,
I owe you more, and more would pay
If I knew how; yet 'tis my hopes you will
Take this in part of the whole bill.
As patient Creditors use
Those Debtors, who their dues
Acknowledge, and by fair intreaty win
A longer day to pay their money in.

To His
Ever honoured MOTHER,

The UNIVERSITY
OF
OXFORD

LEt Poets pray the Gods their wit t' inſpire,
My holy Flames are kindled by thy fire,
My *Muſe* drinks at thy Fountain, thou alone
To me *Parnaſſus* art and *Helicon*;
And though that ſome would dam up all thy ſtreams,
And with their new lights put out thy old beams,
Yet I ſhall pray, and hope Heaven will me hear,
That thy light ſtill may ſhine, thy Spring run clear.
I tender thee this ſlender offering,
Wiſhing that I a better had to bring;
But what it wants either of wit or Art,
To make it up, I here preſent my Heart.

To his Learned, Pious Friend, the AUTHOUR.

MOst do but sin in Verse, and pale sheets dress
Fitter to cloath their pennance, then the Press,
And all their vain, though most advanced Rimes,
Are but sose mischiefs, and ingenuous Crimes.
For to write well, where it is ill to write,
Is to transgress a Poem, not indite.

Loose fancies frenzies are, and our fond layes
Require more wreaths of Hellebore then Bayes.
But from thy guided choice thy Poem is,
Not thy distemper, but thy Artifice.
Thy numbers are thy Zeal, yet not thy fit
This is not to impart, but hallow wit.

MARTIN LLEUELLIN *M. D.*

On the Author.

THe Muses met to find a way (though late)
Their servants trespasses to expiate,
And make amends for the wit vainly spent,
On many an ungracious Argument.
Urania said, I have a man of worth,
Whose Verse is holy, he shall put it forth.

C. B.

To the READER of

my Dearly Loved, because truly Pious Friend,

Mr, *T. W.*'s

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

DRaw neer, but draw devoutly, for you may
Better keep hence, then come and be away;
And yet approach ſtill, though thy ſoul brings none,
That it may carry hence Devotion.
Expect, if thou be ſuch, ſome looſe ſin here,
That ſo thou maiſt be caught at unaware:
So Heathens, when to Chriſtian ſlaughter they
With Pagan hate flock'd only to annoy,
Did return Converts, and there learnt to do
What they ſaw done, hope, confeſs, and dye too.
He that came Snake, and Serpent, ſting and biſs,
Did return man; for there he left all theſe;
He that did come, and but in part a man,
Went back a whole, and intire Chriſtian.
He that was got ſo far would ſtil go on,
And by Gods faith reach up to Gods own Son;

Sir-

Serpent too much, and man too little; I
And Christian too; he would be saint and dye.
Bathe in these Sion streams, that ev'n thou here
May'st be a Star, a Sun i' th' upper Sphere;
This is the way to birth, way and end, this
Wil infuse Piety, and that assure blisse;
This wil that Serpent of thy heart unskin,
And to thy false brow add a Man within,
Make thee love God and man; unlike him, who
'Cause he can't hit God, shoots his image through;
This wil first teach thee to escape his hel,
And then convey thee whence that serpent fell.
Til thus thou lov'st and loath'st, it is not safe
To tel thee all the holinesse of each leafe.
For what to cock is Jewel, Pearl to sow?
His chaffe, her husks, are Pearl and Jewel too.
Here is no chaffe nor husks; the Prodigal
May hither come, and find it good corn all;
Come hither they, who the vain Poets prize
For their unsens'd verbal *Hyperbolies*;
Can they expresse beyond a heaven? Here
You have that only, and what came from there;
Make they a God, and then by him rehearse?
The God that made this man, fils all his verse.
Does a faire Virgin teach them to indite?
Faith is his Lady, by whose beams to write;
Her and her God he loves, more then all they
Can by their false Gods to their false loves say.
Expect no fond invokings; We confesse,
There is no *Genius* besides holinesse.
Were this left out, had he another theame,
Child's straw, and bubbles, would be all the gemme;
How many, and none, compose and not compose!
For without this, 'tis neither Rime nor Prose;
Read this mans storms, and that mans fairer weather,
Compare them both to none, not each to either;

What

What get you? but that you can only tell
Tois line's like that, a decasyllable?
That he was Knight? he gentleman? Their fire
Tun'd not to *David's*; but *Apollo's* lyre;
And that because there is in neither even
What was in *Johnson's* self, a close to heaven.
How many shillings have I thrown away,
To read in *Monteigne* his own Prose-essay,
Mixt with some lay, because but prophane song,
Unspirited with firm religion?
When I read *Finis*, this is all I know,
Both are the same piece, Author and work too;
His book's his self; when That my hand does carry,
I graspe both *Cæsar* and his Commentary.
Why did I give so much, that I might look
On a French picture, not worth a French Cooke?
One *Quelque Chose*; and you have him; I could eat
The Author now, and sel him to buy meat.
Cartwright is Wit throughout, but I read o're
More then his four playes, his fast pious four;
And then his several Gratitudes unto
Him, whose head taught him, and purse fed him too;
Who gave him to buy books, and gave him skil
In each of them, to chuse out Well from Ill;
The Learned, Pious, Constant *Duppa*; he
Who was, and is stil Reverend in those three;
Whom these three, voice, and pen, and heart cannot
(No not *Cartwrights* own) enough celebrate;
In these he kept Christs law, lov'd God, and then
His next act was to pay his debt to men.
He did it here; for this one to him wou'd
Be Universal, every neighbourhood.
Though he out-sobers, out-words, out-wits all,
Grave *Virgil*, *Horace* nice, Salt *Martial*,
Yet more then in's (though unprofane) verse, wou'd
Drench my soul in his Diviner flood;

Those

Thoſe Sermons in which he did wind about
Our paſſions more then *Cicero* could do't,
In which he did out-ſenſe deep *Plutarchs* skil,
And taught ſo wel, almoſt all elſe taught ill,
Unleſſe when's Father *Duppa*'gan to preach,
Who us to live, and taught him too to teach.
Oh, for that Text where he forbad to ly,
And preſt home truth, in unbound Poetry?
Where *David* like, he did inſtil and charme
Us to be honeſt, though to our own harm,
Charg'd truths upon us, ſuch as do ſhine here
In this ſmal volume, ſcorn'd and damn'd elſewhere;
O for his Paſſion-text, that we might buy
Th'ineſtimable price at Sixpence fee;
That we that winepreſſe which at *Edom* was,
And Chriſts Church trod, might taſte from a new preſs!
And here we hav't i'th' dialogue between
Chriſt Angels, and Apoſtles, of ſlain ſin;
Jeſus is up again, he did not die,
He but lay downe, that death it ſelf might lie.
I, who this book throughout love, Adore here
As (though all *Horace* was to *Scaliger*
Precious and rich, yet above all the reſt
He did affect his *Lydia* dialogue beſt,)
He who t'ave made That, would give Empire, though
A world he offer here, he bids too low;
For as the whole is ſacred, and each line,
Though 'tis not God, yet it is each Divine;
So here, 'tis not Apoſtle only who
Does ſpeak, and Angel, but 'tis Jeſus too;
What would that Learnings lover now impart
To ſpeak with an Apoſtle heart to heart?
(For they did not converſe, as ſome of late,
With face of love, but with a breſt of hate)
What would his inquiſition give to hear
An Angel vocally round him i'th' eare!

What

What would he? nay, what would he not beſtow?
A world! almoſt another Jeſus too,
To hear his own Chriſt ſpeake, who ſince ſixteen
Laſt hundred yeers, was neither heard nor ſeen.
This Copy is the bleſſed Jeſus; and
The reſt do all as one *John Baptiſt* ſtand
Round about this; before, behind, each where,
To make that way plain for the Lord t'appear.
This Copy is the Word, and the reſt are
The Voice and Eccho of this Character;
This is the ſupreme heaven, without this
Is heaven too, and what's in heaven, Bliſſe.
But O, when he does joyes of heaven tel
Chearfull, and without dread paines of hel;
(Whither the Saviour Chriſt does convey ſome,
And whither the Judge Chriſt does others doome)
How does he with mixt artifice contrive,
Either for fear or love, that all ſhould live!
I dare not name all, leſt I emulate
The bulk of his Town, with my ſwelling Gate,

APOSTROPHE

To the

AUTHOR.

YOu Sir, who ſtudy, and ſport too, this way
Whoſe ſpare hours heaven, and whoſe ſerious day;
Whoſe two week Sermons are to others aim;
Whoſe whole week-life is to that your own claim.
Who preach both waies, b'Example and by Rule,
Whoſe life's a Sermon, and whoſe houſe a School;
Who your own ſelf do, without hire, ſupply
With breath and patterne, this twin Curacy;
Who make each day the Lords, whilſt there are ſome
Do grudge him one in ſeven; who make your home
To be his pious houſe, whilſt ſome there are
Who ſcarce allow him his own houſe for prayer;
You who do read, and meditate, and live
Scripture, and thereby midſt of world's frowns thrive;
You know, they who on Goſpels firſt word look,
Learn from that firſt word, this is all the book.
They who proceed and ſearch on, find that this
Is only Scripture, all elſe writ amiſs;
They who wade further yet, know there's not one
Word beſides this, This is the Word alone.
And yet though nothing elſe is Book, but what
God himſelf made, the Man not that he wrote;
Though nothing elſe be Scripture, but pretence,
Becauſe if not the ſame with this, not ſenſe;

Though

Though nothing elſe be Word, 'cauſe Parrots may,
Without this, talk to as good ends as we;
Yet as thoſe birds are ſaid to come more near
To what we ſpeak, then other Foules o'th' air,
Becauſe they imitate our Cadencies,
So we do more, ſpeak when w'approach to thee.
Bleſt be the charity then, of your wiſe choice,
Not to vex us with an unmatter'd Noiſe;
Since though in hundred ſheets of paper, he
Has ſilent been, who does not edifie.
Since without this, though *Stentor* he our roare,
He hath ſaid leſſe then th' mad Bul, or wild Boar;
Since without this, each other book's a crime;
It robs my purſe, and what's more deer, my time:
Bleſt be your guidance too, that t'all were giv'n,
Both to diſcourſe, and write, and Print for heav'n;
He that writes next, this is his praiſe or curſe
He makes the Reader if not better, worſe.
But friend, you often aske why 'tis that I
Preach to th' next ear, and not to th' diſtant eye?
Why 'tis that I wh'ave taskt my ſelf a ſcheame
In learnings own behalf, forbear that Theame,
Pray aſk no more; how can you wiſh my heir
Were come to th' birth, when there's no midwife near?
Copy't once more, and tel the brave Lord N.
Be he *Mecænas*, and I'l wil write Then.

Habes

HAbes hæc, è manu subitaneâ, prope incogitanter effusa, quippe ab eo cujus nulla in instituto pars est, Tibi placere, (qui, cum cæteris Dominantis fortunæ ludibriis & insultibus par es, undiquaque similis, et Tibi constans; Soli illius Approbanti Lenocinio irascereres, vir, aliter Patientissimus) sed lectori tuo, voce invitatoriâ prodesse; Ejus interest, non tui, quod Fercula hæc, è Promptuario tuo enatantia, ut sitiat ipse, Collaudo; Unum hoc mihi (cujus ψυχῆς σῶμα σῶμα, Facultatisque, qualiscunque, aut quanullacunque in animo est, Res Angusta Domi Tumulus secundus) Satis est, utrumque (quod est omne) punctum tuliſti Tu. Vale hic, sed è supra Internos, Angelus ipse Tu, diu; Vale supra inter Affines Angelos tuos, Semper, sed Sero.

July 26
1653.

GULIELMUS TOWERS.
B. D.

On the Divine Poems of his friend the AUTHOR.

SOme say a Poet's born, not made; but I
Say he's twice born that made this Poesie.
Nature imparted little to his wit,
'Twas grace which had the greatest hand in it;
His pen came from the wing of th'holy Dove,
Dropping no gall, but innocence and Love;
No scurrilous obscenity to make
It vendible, and with the Rabble take;
No tenter stretch't conceits, no puff-paste strains,
Which serve not to instruct but wrack mens brains,
No such as their invention draw from wine
And reele into a Verse; but all Divine,
Clear as the beams are of th'inlightned day,
Smooth as the Galaxy or milkie way,
Pure as *Ezekiels* waters, which did glide
Forth of the Sanctuary on each side;
Made not to please the Pallat of the foule
And carnal man, but to revive the soul
That humbled is at sight and sense of sin,
To cheere his spirits, comfort him within;
To scare bold sinners from their wicked course,
And win them to a penitent remorse;
That they who take these Poems up as men,
May lay them down as Saints made by his pen.
Thus *Ambrose* catch't an *Austin*, by his quaint
Divinity, the Manichee turn'd Saint.

E. P.

The

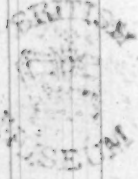
The Table.

THe *Accident.* 135
Affliction brings man home 22
The *Ague* 134
Angels our guardians. Pſal. 91. 11, 12, 18
The *Antipodes* 90
All Saints 110
The *Aſcenſion* 107
The *paſſing Bel* 94
The *Blind man.* Mark 10. 51 49
Gods Bottle. Pſal. 56. 8, 14
The *heavy burden.* Pſal. 38, 4. 12
The *buſh burning.* Exod. 3. 2. 2
Care caſt on God. 1 Pet. 5. 7. 75
The *child and the old man* 130
Chriſts ſecond coming compared 89
Chriſt calumniated. Matth. 11. 19. 46
Chriſts cup. Matth. 26. 39. 48
To Chriſt Jeſus 140
The *Church black, but comely.* Cant. 1. 5. 29
The *Circulation.* Eccleſ. 12. 7. 27
No continuing City. Heb. 13. 14. 71
The *good mans clothing.* Job. 29, 14. 8
The *Circumciſion* 105
Man complaining without juſt cauſe. Lam. 3. 39. 32
Country Diſputations 133
To day heare Gods voice, Pſal. 95. 8 20
An Apoſtle a Divel John 6. 70. 52

Of

Of Divine Love 8
The Dove and Serpent. Matth. 10.16 4
The dream 10
The drunkard 12
Gods two dwellings. Isa. 57.15. 31
The Eccho 83
Faith and works. Jam. 2.20. 74
Fear of falling 1 Cor. 10.12. 62
Former favours earnests of future 1 Sam. 17, 37. 7
The fountain. Zach. 13.1. 40
To Doctor Hammond 122
The best Harbinger. John 14.2. 56
The good harvest 101
No hiding from God. Gen. 3.8. p. 1.
The Christians hope not in this life. 1 Cor. 15.19 64
Gods Jewels. Mal. 3.17. 42
The impartial judgment. Rev. 20.11, 12. 76
The Inquisition. Zeph. 1.12. 39
To his kinsman Sir E. B. 118
To the Lady M C. 115
To the Lady M. T. 120
To the Lady P. 121
To the Lady R. 119
The Larum 95
Against going to Law for trifles 127
Much in a little. Psal. 37.16. 11
The three lives of a Christian. Gal. 2.20. 67
To the malicious man 128
What is man? Psal. 8.4. 10
To one that married a rich, but most unhandsome woman. 131
The Mystical marriage 34
To his Cousin Mistriss M. B. 123
The mist 126
None but God. Psal. 73.25. 15
Pauls Paradox 2 Cor. 12.10. 66
Passion without Reason. Jonah 4.1. 36
The Pastoral 84

The path of the just. Prov.4.18. 23
Christ persecuted in his members. Act 9.4.5 58
Peters prayer Luke 5.8. 51
The power of Prayer. Exod. 32.10. 3
Lay-mens preaching 98
Upon Doctor Prideaux 116
A Poem of Grotius *translated* 111
Two of Boethius *translated* 114,119
The Race. Phil.3.13,14. 69
The Resurrection 106
The Rock. Numb.20.11. 4
Scylla and Carybdis 96
Secret things belong to God. Deut. 29.29. 6
The holy separatist. Psal. 4.3. 9
The Snake in the garden 81
Snow in May. 138
Treasures only in heaven, Matth.6.19 20. 43
The Temple of the holy Ghost. 1 Cor.6.19. 60
The contrary effects of Tobacco 110
The tooth-ach 93
Upon denyal of Tythes 87
The Vine wasted. Psal. 80,12.13. 16
The way, the truth, and the life. Joh.14.6. 57
The wind and sunne 102
The souls wish. 88
The wounded spirit. Prov. 18,14. 25
Tombs Memento. Eccles. 12.1. 26



Gen. 3.8.

And Adam *and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the Trees of the Garden.*

WHat fancies sin in our first Parents wrought,
That they a hiding place so quickly sought
From Gods all-seeing Eye? As if that he
Who form'd the eye, were blind and could not see
Thorow the thickest trees, or darkest shade,
Which in that Garden he himself had made.
Such simple fools are their posterity,
Who seek out places of obscurity
To sin unseene, and mask themselves all over,
That God should not their wicked deeds discover;
As though that they from him themselves could shrowd,
Like *Juno* from *Ixion* in a cloud.
Or like the Wood-cock hide their heads, and then,
'Cause they see none, think none sees them agen.
Be not deceiv'd, a double folly lies,
In sinning first, then hoodwinking *Gods* eyes.
All's one to him, the darknesse and the light,
The night as clear as day is in his sight.
Think not by putting of a candle out,
Or drawing of a curtain round about
Thy bed, or by fast barring of thy door,
To shut God out, or make him see no more;
Thou canst not be invisible to him,
Who did behold thy substance, every limme

And member of thy body, ere that they
Were perfect, and received day by day,
Their form and fashion; the womb to him was
Cleare as the Chrystal, or the pureſt glaſſe.
Search the worlds cloſeſt corners o're and o're,
'Mongſt all thou canſt not finde a place that's more
Invisible and ſecret; then reveal
Thy ſin to God, which thou canſt not conceale;
And what thou canſt not hide from him, confeſſe:
So ſeeing, hee'le not ſee thy wickednesſe;
But with the whiteſt Robe wil cover thee,
That without fear or ſhame thou may'ſt him ſee.

EXOD. 3. 2.

And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midſt of a buſh; and he looked, and behold the buſh burned with fire, and was not conſumed.

LOe, here a ſight
Preſented to the eye,
A Buſh on fire flaming bright,
Yet not conſum'd, a wondrous myſterie.

The Buſh the Church,
Affliction is the fire,
Which ſerves not to deſtroy, but ſearch
And try her gold, raiſing the value higher.

It gathers duſt,
And ſullied is with eaſe,
Wherefore to rub off all the ruſt,
To caſt it in this fire God doth pleaſe.

Whence it comes forth,
Far brighter then before,

And is advanced much in worth,
One pound being equal now unto a ſcore.

This buſh that flame
Could never long withſtand,
Unleſſe the Lord were in the ſame;
Tis he that doth uphold it with his hand.

Whiles he is there,
And doth his light diſpenſe,
The heat we need not greatly fear,
How ere it may ſeeme grievous to our ſenſe.

For though we be
I th'fiery furnace caſt,
Our faith the Son of God may ſee,
Preſerving of our very haires from waſte,

Much more he will
By his almighty arme
Defend the ſouls of his Saints ſtill,
That by this fire they ſhall ſuſtaine no harme.

For this fire ſhall,
Like that which ſnatch'd away
The Prophet once, tranſport them all
From this worlds ſorrows to a world of joy.

Exod. 32.10.

Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot againſt them, and that I may conſume them.

WHat a commanding power
There is in prayer? Which can tower

As high as heaven, and tie the hands
Of God himself in bands,
That he unable is to loose the raines
To Justice, til released from these chains?

Samson could break his cords
As tow, and yet the Lord of Lords
Who gave that strength to *Samson*, can
Not break the cords of man;
Man makes his maker pray, Let me alone,
That on this people my wrath may be shown.

Since then such vertue lies
In prayer, as will exorcise
The almighty, and fast bind his arms
In spiritual magick charms;
O for another *Moses* now to pray
That the like benefit wee might enjoy.

But Gods wrath long hath been
Against us hot, a signe our sinne
Cries lowder then our prayers to God,
Which makes him use his rod,
When once our prayers grow more fervent, then
We may expect they'l bind Gods hands again.

Numb. 20. 11.

Moses lift up his hand, and with his rod smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank.

WHat wonders this, that there should spring
Streams from a rock to quench a peoples thirst!
What man alive did e're see such a thing,
That waters out of stone should burst?

Yet

Yet rather then Iſrael with drowth ſhould die,
God by a miracle wil them ſupply.

What wonders this, that from Chriſts ſide,
Water and blood ſhould run to cleanſe our ſin!
This is that fountain which was opened wide
To purge all our uncleanneſſe in,
But this the greater wonder is by farre,
As ſubſtances beyond the ſhadowes are.

Chriſt is that ſpiritual rock from whence
Two Sacraments derived are to us,
Being the objects of our faith and ſenſe,
Both receive comfort from them thus,
Rather then we ſhould faint our Rock turns Vine,
And ſtayes our thirſt with water and with wine.

But heres another Rock, my heart
Harder then Adamant, yet by and by,
If by a greater *Moſes* ſtruck, 'twil part,
And ſtream forth tears abundantly.
Strike then this Rock my God, double the blow,
That for my ſins, my eyes with tears may flow.

My ſins that pierc'd thy hands, thy feet,
Thy head, thy heart, and every part of thee,
And on the croſs made life and death to meet,
Death to thy ſelf, and life to mee,
Thy very fall does ſave; O happy ſtrife,
That ſtruck God dead, but raiſed man to life.

Deut. 29.29.

Secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but thoſe things which are revealed belong unto us, and our children for ever, that we may doe all the words of this Law.

THis was good doctrine once, but now
We not contented are to know
What God thinks good for to reveale,
Unleſſe we with *Prometheus* ſteale
Some fire from heaven, or commit
A rape on *Pallas* Divine Wit,
Or pick *Joves* lock, and ſecrets get
Out of his cloſeſt Cabinet.
We with the *Bethſhemites* dare pry
Into Gods Ark, and caſt an eye
Within the Vaile, although that wee
Or blinde, or dead ſtrait ſtricken be;
Such boldneſſe wel deſerves to have
No eyes, or elſe a ſuddaine grave.
He that would know more then is fit,
Forfeits his life as wel as wit.
And while he ſeeks what God hath hidden,
He eats againe the fruit forbidden;
So ſtriving to be overwiſe,
Is juſtly baniſht Paradiſe.
But if we would know ſafely more,
Let's practiſe what we knew before;
Not ſearch his ſecret wil into,
But his revealed let us doe;
'Tis that concerns us moſt: the way
To underſtand is to obey.

1 Sam. 17. 37.

David said, moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the Lion, and out of the paw of the Bear, he wil deliver me out of the hand of this Philistin.

WHy should I doubt Gods providence,
Or fear hee'le not protect me in my wayes?
Since he his goodnesse stil to me displayes,
And proves it by experience.
One day another certifies and saith,
Each several Mercy doth confirm my faith.

His former favours earnests are
Of future; he that sav'd mee from the Bear
Would not permit the Lyon me to teare.
And he that of me took such care,
As from the Lyons paw to set me free,
Will from this Philistine deliver me.

Lord, from a fiercer Lyon thou
Hast saved me by thine almighty power,
I mean that Lyon which sought to devour
My soul and body. Shall I now
Suspect that thou who spar'dst me from the divel,
Wilt let me perish by a lesser evil?

I am resolv'd to fear no more
What man can do, though he *Golia* be,
Much less a Bear or Lyon, though I see
Him ne're so much against me roare;
I have so oft been rescued by thine arm,
That I believe nothing shall do me harme.

Job 29. 14.
I put on Righteousnesse, and it clothed me.

'Twas sin brought shame into the world, til then
There was no nakednesse 'mongst men;
And till they put on Righteousnesse, they wil
Though clad in Gold be naked stil;
They may their clothes change every day, yet find,
That clothes they want, unles they change their mind.

The newnesse of the fashion's not enough,
Nor yet the richnesse of the stuff,
To cover the souls nakednesse within,
Whiles tis deform'd with deadly sin.
The gallant without grace for all his brags,
Is worse attir'd then truth that goes in rags.

What matter is't if that his body be
Adorn'd with all the bravery
His wealth can compasse, or his wit invent:
For all this costly ornament,
If he be destitute of Righteousnesse
To clothe his soul, hee's naked ne're the lesse.

God looks into my inside, and if there
He see that I do vertue weare,
And that the habits of my mind are white
As Innocence, and clear as Light;
Then he invites me as a proper guest,
Being thus apparrel'd to his marriage feast.

Now Lord, since mine own righteousnesse wil be
Too short a robe to cover me;
(For who alas, with so great store is clad,
But he to borrow may be glad?)

Do thou ſome of thine owne on me beſtow,
That's long enough for both of us I know.

Pſalm. 4. 3.

But know, the Lord hath ſet apart him that is godly for himſelf.

BEhold an holy Separatiſt,
Whoſe ſanctity doth not conſiſt
In ſetting of himſelf apart,
Both from the world, and his own heart
With a keep-back, as if that none
Muſt neer him come, but ſtands alone,
Like the diſdainful Phariſee
That thinks no man ſo good as he.
No, he himſelf doth moſt deſpiſe,
And humble is in his own eyes,
So ful of meekneſſe and ſo mild,
As is the newly weaned child;
His faith though firm is lowly built,
Judging his own, not others guilt;
This humble minded man God deems,
So highly of, ſo well eſteems,
That he divides him from the reſt,
And in him impropriates for the beſt,
To his own ſpecial uſe him takes,
And his ſelect companion makes.
The godly man moſt humble is,
There is no godly man but this.
Let me caſt down my ſelf among
The ordinary common throng;
And with *Paul* make it my beliefe,
That I of ſinners am the chief.
In lowlineſſe of mind let me
Think that all others better be,
So ſhal I with the Publican
Be the more truly Chriſtian,

And God to his immediate
Attendance will me ſeparate;
Thus the moſt high wil not diſdain
To make the loweſt one of's traine,
And he that doth himſelfe abaſe,
Shal be prefer'd to higheſt place.

Pſal. 8.4.

What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of man that thou viſiteſt him?

LOrd, what is man that thou
So mindful art of him? Or what's the Son
Of man, that thou the higheſt heaven didſt bow
And to his aide didſt runne?
He is not worthy of the leaſt
Of all thy mercies at the beſt.

Man's but a piece of clay
That's animated by thy heavenly breath,
And when that breath thou tak'ſt away,
Hee's clay again by death.
He is not worthy of the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, at the beſt.

Baſer then clay is he
For ſin hath made him like the Beaſts that periſh,
Though next the Angels he was in degree:
Yet this beaſt thou doſt cheriſh.
Hee is not worthy of the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, hee's a beaſt.

Worſe then a beaſt is Man,
Who after thine own Image made at firſt
Became the divels ſonne by ſin. And can
A thing be more accurſt?

Yet

Yet thou thy greateſt mercy haſt
On this accurſed creature caſt.

Thou didſt thy ſelf abaſe,
And put off all thy robes of Majeſty,
Taking his nature to give him thy grace,
To ſave his life didſt dye.
He is not worthy of the leaſt
Of all thy mercies, one's a feaſt.

Lo man is made now even
With the bleſt Angels, yea ſuperiour farre,
Since Chriſt ſat down at Gods right hand in heaven,
And God and man one are.
Thus all thy mercies man inherits,
Though not the leaſt of them he merits.

Pſalm 37.16.

A little that a righteous man hath, is better then great riches of the ungodly.

THe wicked rips Earth's bowels up to find
Treaſures to fil his mind;
Layes heaps on heaps, and riches gets great ſtore;
For all that he is poore,
Becauſe he carries that about him which
Forbids him to be rich;
A greedy mind that ne're can be content,
With that which God hath ſent.
But by ungodly waies graſpeth more gold
Then's hand or houſe wil hold.
And what he thus hath got with care and pain
He fears to loſe again;
His conſcience on the wrack is all the while,
It wil not let him ſmile.

Or merry be, ſince many a bitter curſe
Helps to fil up his purſe.
And what by fraud or force he compaſſeth
Shal vaniſh with his breath.
Or if unto his heire his wealth deſcends,
He laviſhly it ſpends;
Conſuming that in few yeers which was not
In leſſe then an age got.
Thus goods ill gather'd many times we ſee
The owners ruine be.
But the condition of the godly's ſuch,
In little he hath much.
And though that his poſſeſſions be but ſmal,
Yet his content is all.
He is as rich as *Craſſus*, though but poor
'Cauſe he deſires no more.
If to his mind his ſtate he cannot fit,
He frames his mind to it;
And dines as wel upon a piece of bread,
As if on dainties fed.
As merry when he water drinks his fill,
As thoſe that wine do ſwil;
As warm in poore *John Baptiſts* Camels hair
As thoſe that ſcarlet wear;
His conſcience clear from ſin in peace doth reſt
And that's his daily feaſt.
Thus he being rich i'th'midſt of povertie,
Nor fears nor longs to die.

Pſalm 38. 4.

My iniquities are gone over my head, as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me.

NO leproſie can be compar'd to ſinne,
It doth ſo ſpread
Without, within.
'Tis at my heart, and 'tis gone ore my head,

No

No part is free from top to toe,
'Tis here, 'tis there, above, below.

Nor doth it only ſpread through every part,
'Tis heavy too
And on my heart,
Like lead it lyes, ſo that I cannot do
The good I would, the weight's ſo great
That under it I ſink, I ſweat.

Some fools indeed, whoſe hearts are hard as flint,
And neck's as ſteel
Take pleaſure in't,
And run away with't, yet no burden feel,
But ſport make of it every day,
And with it as a feather play.

VVhiles they make light thereof, O let me fear
And it avoid,
As if it were
The greateſt plague by which man is deſtroyed,
The heavieſt burthen, that will crack
My heart ſtrings, and even break my back.

And ſince I feel it ſuch a ponderous thing,
A way I find
That eaſe will bring,
And from this plague, this burthen free my mind:
Upon thy back Lord, let it fall,
That's ſtrong enough to bear it all.

Psal. 56.8.

Put thou my tears into thy bottle.

TO value tears I now begin,
Since thou Lord doſt provide,
A bottle for to put them in
That none ſhould fall beſide;
One drop will raiſe a ſinner from a ſwound;
What pity 'tis to ſpill them on the ground?

I ſpill them when I ſpend them on
Vain trifles. Worldly loſſes,
They are not worthy of a groan,
Much leſs a tear. Such croſſes
I rather ſhould rejoice in, ſince they prove
The tokens of my heavenly Fathers love.

When from the Limbeck of mine eyes
My tears for ſin diſtil,
That *Aqua vitæ* thou doſt prize,
And with't thy bottle fill.
O let my tears for my ſins only fall,
That ſo thy bottle may preſerve them all.

Then of them, Lord, a Cordial make,
Againſt ſins poiſonous ſting,
Which when my heart with grief doth ake
May comfort to it bring.
Laſt a *Collyrium* make of them, which may
Take all the ſoreneſs of mine eyes away.

Pſalm 73. 35.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I deſire beſides thee.

HAve I not many things in heaven and earth
Beſides thee, that are worth
The having and deſiring? Have I not
Some friends, ſome riches got,
Some honors too, and may increaſe my ſtore
Of all theſe three yet more?
Excuſe me then (my God) if that I pray,
And covet ſomewhat elſe for to enjoy.

Beſides theſe earthly there are things in heaven
Which for my uſe are given;
The Sun, and Moon and Stars, which do diſpenſe
Their light, heat, influence;
Angels and Saints to whom in my diſtreſs
May I not make addreſſe?
Excuſe me then (my God) if I repair
To theſe ſometimes as objects of my praier.

Yet when I think a little better on
theſe things, I find there's none
That can compared be to thee; for friends,
They are for private ends,
And do me courteſies, becauſe I do
Courteſies for them too:
But thou a faithful friend waſt unto me
When by my ſins I was thine enemy.

For Riches, they are ſubject to decay,
And quickly fade away.

Honors

Honours are bubbles, which the breath of men
Blowes in and out agen.
Nor those, nor these any true vertue have,
Body or soul to save:
But thou my Riches and my honours art,
That savest both, and dost from neither part.

The Sun, Moon, Stars are goodly creatures, yet
As they rise, so they set;
The Saints triumphant happy Creatures are,
But know not how I fare.
The Angels glorious, yet but finite, seeing
They have from thee their being;
Thou art my Sun which only I adore,
Who once didst rise from death to set no more.

Thou art all Saints in one, they have from thee
Alone their sanctity;
Thou art the Angel of the Covenant,
And wilt not let me want;
Thou mad'st me with thy word, and with thy blood
Redeem'dst me: none so good,
So great as thee in earth or heaven abides,
And therefore I desire none besides.

Psalm 80.12,13,14.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedge, that all they that go by pluck off her grapes? The wild Boar out of the Wood doth root it up, and the wild Beasts of the field devour it: Turne thee again thou God of Hosts, look down from heaven, behold and visit this Vine.

COme Lord and look how thy poor Vine lies wast,
Her hedg is broke down every hour,

And

And if thou doſt not make the greater haſte
The Wild bore will her grapes devour.
Come Lord, thine aid we crave,
Come quickly her to ſave.

Lord 'tis that Vine which thy right hand hath planted,
And fenc'd about for thine own uſe.
But ſhe alas too long thy care hath wanted
And little fruit ſhe doth produce.
Come Lord thine aid we crave,
Come quickly her to ſave.

Her Sprigs are dry, the holy Sacraments
Are ſtopt, or run not free to all;
Her Watch men diſagreeing make her rents
So wide, ſhe doth to pieces fall.
Come Lord, thine aid we crave,
Come quickly her to ſave.

Under her ſhade we did ſecurely reſt
And comfort we did take in it.
But now we pine away with grief oppreſt
To ſee her in th duſt to ſit,
Come Lord thine aid we crave,
Come quickly her to ſave.

Our hearts are broke, our Harps unſtringed be,
Our only Muſick's ſighes and groans.
Our Songs are to the tune of *Lachrymæ*,
W'are fretted all to skin and bones.
Come, O come Lord Jeſus,
Quickly come and eaſe us.

This is the laſt and worſt Age we live in,
For the moſt righteous go to wrack;
Then ſet an end unto theſe dayes of ſin
And miſery; thy help we lack.

Come

Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.

Punish the men are settled on their Lees,
And at our sufferings make a sport;
But lift the hands up that fall down, the knees
That feeble are, do thou support.
Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.

Bind up our wounds and pour in oyl & wine
Give Cordials to our heavy hearts,
Make up the mounds once more about this Vine,
Repair her breaches on all parts.
Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.

Psalm 91. 11, 12.

He shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy wayes. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

HOw dear to God is man
That he his mercy should enlarge
To this poor span,
And thus to charge
His Angels to keep every limb
of him!

Such are his strict commands
To them, that they are bound to bear
Him in their hands
Secure from fear,

Of daſhing but his foot upon
a ſtone.

If they ſo careful are
To keep his foot from hurt, they have
Much greater care
His ſoul to ſave,
And it int' *Abrahams* boſom they
convey.

Did we poor Creatures know
How much unto their watchfulneſs
And care we owe;
We would expreſs
Our thanks to God, and his name praiſe
alwayes:

For highly honouring us
With this rare priviledg to be
Attended thus
By Angels, he
The greater makes to ſerve the leſs;
O bleſs

The Lord for this, and pay
To theſe pure ſpirits reverence due,
That ſo they may
Ne're forſake you,
Do no vile action which may theſe
diſpleaſe,

Or cauſe them to retard
Their wonted aids; each wicked deed
Raiſeth their guard
In time of need;
Live ſo that they may you attend
to th' end

Psalm 95.7,8.

To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

A DIALOGUE
Between
GOD and a SINNER.

Sinner. MAy I not this day take my pleasure,
And hear thy voice, O God at leisure?
One day wil break no square, men say,
And wilt thou be more strict then they?
O give me leave now to rejoice,
And hereafter hear thy voice.
Thy voice which doth to vertue call
And to repentance summons all,
But that I do not love to hear,
It sounds harsh discords in my ear,
Whilst I am in my youthful blood;
When I grow old, it may be good;
To take thy counsel, and attend
Thy will when I draw neer my end.
Then 'twill be time enough I trust,
To be temperate, chaste and just.
Till then I hope thou wilt dispence
With my want of innocence,
With my sports and wickedness.
I know Lord thou canst do no lesse
Then hear my Prayer at the last,
For thou thy faithful word hast past
To pardon me when ere that I
Shall implore thy clemency.
The theif upon the Cross did find
Thy mercy, the same gracious mind
Thou still retainest, may I not then
Expect to find the like agen?

I am

I am reſolv'd what ere comes on't
To hazard ev'n my ſoul upon't.

God. Bold ſinner, do not thou preſume
Upon my Grace; a ſweet perfume,
Or pleaſing Sacrifice doth from
A late repentance ſeldom come.
Canſt thou believe that tree's ought worth,
That not till winter fruit brings forth?
Or wouldſt thou be content thy wife
Should play the harlot all her life,
And at the laſt ſhould render thee
Her love and ſervice, when that ſhe
Through age and ſickneſs overworn
Is moſt unfit to ſerve thy turn?
Judg then thy ſelf if thou wouldſt be
So ſerv'd as thou ſerveſt me?
Thou'dſt have her to thy ſelf alone
Before her youth and beauty's gone;
I muſt thy love and ſervice have
When thou art dropping in thy grave.
When thou art lame or impotent,
Then thou wilt be a penitent.
Fool not away thy ſoul with this
Preſumption, for the high way 'tis
To hell; a double danger lyes
In ſuch late conformities:
For that man that doth delay
To hearken to my voice to day,
Will be to morrow more unfit,
And have his eare quite deaf to it.
Each cranny there will be faſt barr'd,
And his heart will grow ſo hard
Through long continuance in ſin,
That not a word can enter in;
Although I call and call again,
He is ſtill deaf, 'tis all in vain.

Beſides

Beſides, ſhould he knock at my door
When he is dying, not before,
He ſhall perceive it then too late,
Faſt lock'd will be my Mercy Gate,
Becauſe my Juſtice will not bear
That I ſhould his Petition hear,
Who would not hear my voice at all,
Albeit I did him often call.
O then take heed, do not delay
The hearing of my voice a day.
The thief o'th' Croſſe no pattern is
For thy deferr'd repentance: his
VVas extraordinary, thou
Ought'ſt not to look for the like now.
VVhen Chriſt is crucifi'd once more
Preſume upon it, not before.

Pſalm 119.67.

Before I was afflicted I went aſtray, but now have I kept thy word.

MAn like a ſilly ſheep doth often ſtray,
Not knowing of his way.
Blind Deſerts and the wilderneſs of Sin
He daily travels in;
There's nothing wil reduce him ſooner then
Afflictions, to his pen.
He wanders in the Sunſhine, but in rain
And ſtormy weather haſtens home again.

Thou the great Shepherd of my ſoul, O keep
Me thy unworthy ſheep
From gadding: or if fair means wil not do it
Let foul then bring me to it.

Rather

Rather then I ſhould periſh in my error,
Lord bring me back with terror;
Better I be chaſtized with thy rod
And ſhepherds ſtaff, then ſtray from thee my God.

Though for the preſent ſtripes do grieve me ſore.
At laſt they profit more,
And make me to obſerve thy word, which I
Neglected formerly,
Let me come home rather by weeping croſs;
Then ſtill be at a loſſe.
For health I'd rather take a bitter pil,
Then eating ſweet-meats to be alwayes ill.

Prov. 4:18.

The path of the juſt is as the ſhining light, that ſhineth more and more unto the perfect day.

THe juſt mans life's the path to heaven,
Though narrow, yet 'tis even,
No dark nor obſcure way,
But ſhining bright as is the day;
And as the day's each minute brighter, ſo
He ſtep by ſtep doth to perfection go.

No violent motion 'tis, but creeps
A gentle pace, and peeps
Like break of day, a light
That's chequer'd betwixt black and white,
Till it increaſing more and more appear
A perfect day within the Hemiſphere.

The

The man new ſtarted from his ſins
VVhen he his race begins,
Juſt ſo much light he hath
To ſhew him that there is a path
VVhich leads to heaven, though ſcarce enough to guide
His feet from ſlipping ſometimes on each ſide.

A little now, a little then
As he Chriſt cur'd ſaw men
VValking at firſt like trees,
So doth the righteous by degrees,
Each croſs he meets at firſt ſeems more then man,
A Gyant in his way to *Canaan*.

But as his light, his courage growes,
And then away he throwes
His fears, takes heart of Grace,
And boldly looks the world i'th' face,
Bids do its worſt, and what before did ſeem
A Monſter, now a Pigmy he doth deem.

Vice in his Native colours he
Sees and hates perfectly;
Vertue's the thing alone
That he makes his companion;
Adding of grace to grace till that his Sun
To the Meridian of his day hath run,

And then like *Joſhuah*'s fixed ſtands
To do all Gods commands,
Nor ſhall it e're go down
But glory ſhall his graces crown,
And make one conſtant day that knowes no night,
Nor leſſening nor augmenting of his light.

Lord, let thy grace about me ſhine,
That I may not decline,

The path which leads to thee,
And may it ſtill increaſing be
Till grace and glory ſhall unite their rayes
Into one perfect light that ne're decayes.

Prov. 18 14.
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

Is't poſſible? who will believe
A ſpirit can wounded be and grieve?
What hath no body needs no blows to fear:
Yet 'tis moſt true,
Gods word tells you,
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

One thing there is a ſoul will wound
So deeply, that 'twill bleed and ſwound,
And even dye for grief, for ſhame, for fear.
Sin is the thing
Doth all this bring.
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

Sin's a two edged ſword which ſlayes
The ſoul of man a thouſand wayes:
It kil'd the divell though he a Spirit were,
For dead he is
To Grace, to bliſs.
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

That man whoſe conſcience within
Is galled with a crying ſin,
How much it wracks him, how it doth him tear
No tongue can tell,
'Tis worſe then hell.
A wounded ſpirit who can bear?

Since

Since then it ſo torments the mind,
O Lord let me this favour find,
Prevent me with thy grace whiles I live here
That I may be
From great ſins free,
An innocent ſpirit let me bear.

Or if that favour be too high,
Yet this I pray thee not deny;
That ſoveraign Balſom, though it coſt thee deer,
Thy blood I mean,
To waſh me clean,
A cleanſed ſpirit I can bear.

Eccleſ. 12. 1.

Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth.

KInd is that piety which doth begin
In youth: e're 'tis accuſtom'd unto ſin
The mind white paper is, and will admit
Of any Leſſon you will write in it.
What's then imprinted there doth firmly ſtand
Not to be blotted out by any hand.
But when that vice hath firſt took up the place,
'Twill be a double labour; one to raſe
Out that which long hath got poſſeſſion,
Another for to make a new impreſſion;
And a much harder task you wil it find
To root out vice, then vertue plant i'th' mind;
To caſt one Divel out is greater pain,
Then two good Angels there to entertain.
To keep a Veſſel ſweet is not ſo much,
As when once ſowred 'tis to make it ſuch

And look at first how it hath season'd bin,
It will retain that odour still therein.
He that ne're thinks on God till he is old,
Gray headed, and his blood froze up with cold.
Wrackt with Diseases, one foot in the grave,
Whom all the Art of Physick cannot save,
A Colledg of Physicians not reprieve,
Or keep his carkass scarce a day alive;
O what a business it will be to climb
To heaven by penitence, when there's no time,
Nor means for him to do it in! but he
By vertue of his faith, not works, must be
Rapt thither in an instant, as if heaven
Would be to him at the first asking given.
But man remember thy Creator now
Whiles God both time and means doth thee allow.
Trust not thy soul upon a broken reed,
Faith without works will stand in little steed:
When thy first dayes and best in sin are past,
Think not God will accept thy worst and last.

Eccles. 12. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the Spirit shall returne to God that gave it.

Our famous *Harvey* hath made good
The circulation of the blood,
And what was paradox, we know
To be a demonstration now.
The like in bodies doth befall
Civil as well as Natural.
Such revolutions in them found,
That they are alwaies turning round,

We knew a kingdome which of late
Converted was into a State;
And from the hands of many men,
That State devolv'd to one agen.
VVe know that wealth, which now doth flow
I'th' City veins did lately grow
I'th' Country furrowes, and the same
Soon runs to th' place from whence it came.
VVe know our bodies frame of dust
At first created was, and must
Crumble to dust ere long; we see
Not one from Dissolution free.
VVe know, or (what's equivalent)
Believe our souls, which God first lent
To make our bodies move and live,
Shall go to him who them did give;
VVhen once their Maker them commands,
They strait return into his hands.
Thus we see almost every thing
Circling about as in a ring.
The winter season of the yeer,
Is now turn'd Summer every where.
This summer will to winter turn,
And that freeze, which before did burn.
Rivers which borrow from the main
Their streames, do pay them back again.
Since nothing under heaven hath rest,
But floating up and down, 'tis best
To look above, and fix mine eyes
VVhere not the shadow of change lyes:
No variations there, but all
Stand still in state pacifical.
Go then my Dust to Dust, but thou my soul
Return unto thy Rest above the Pole.

Cant.

Cant. 1. 5.

I am black but comely, O ye Daughters of Jeruſalem.

A DIALOGUE
Between the
CHURCH and her DAUGHTERS

Daught. YOu were our Mother once, moſt bright and fair
Admir'd and lov'd by every eye,
No earthly beauty could with you compare;
But now y'are of another dye.

We ne're beheld a Moor more black then you
Are by this unexpected change,
We hardly can believe it to be true,
The ſight ſo uncouth is and ſtrange.

You are become a widow deſolate,
You have no Suitors as before.
We are aſham'd to own you, ſince of late
Moſt men have caſt you out of door.

Church, Deſpiſe me not, although that black I am,
The reaſon you ſhall underſtand;
From an extreme hot Country late I came,
From that *Egyptian* Sun-burnt Land.

There I was ſcorcht, and loſt my beauty there,
By lying long amongſt the Pots

And Brick-kilns, heavy burthens I did bear;
Thus I contracted all my spots.

Yet be not you asham'd of me, for I,
Though black without, am fair within;
My soul is purged from impurity,
And grace hath now excluded sin.

It was the plot of my Beloved, who
Seeing me proud, and wanton grow
Of my unparallell'd beauty, serv'd me so;
To keep me up he brought me low.

He took away the lustre of my face,
But gave another to my mind;
And now I do account it no disgrace,
Since this the better far I find.

'Tis not the fairness of the face, but soul,
Which doth invite my Lord to love:
If he perceive the inward parts be foul,
The outward not at all him move.

No matter though I black to others seem,
Whilst I am comely in his eyes;
If be me worthy of his love esteem,
I care not who doth me despise.

When he shall find it fit to wash off all
My black, and outward grace restore,
Like the Sun after an Eclipse, I shall
Shine brighter then I did before.

Isaiah 57.15.

Thus saith the High and Lofty one that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit:

LOrd, thou hast told us that there be
Two dwellings which belong to thee,
And those two (that's the wonder)
Are far asunder.

The one the highest heaven is,
The mansions of eternal bliss;
The other's the contrite
And humble sprite.

Not like the Princes of the earth,
Who think it much below their birth
To come within the door
Of people poor.

No, such is thy humility,
That though thy dwelling be on high,
Thou dost thy self abase
To th' lowest place.

Where ere thou seest a sinful soul
Deploring his offences foul,
To him thou wilt descend,
And be his friend.

Thou wilt come in, and with him ſup,
And from a low ſtate raiſe him up,
Till thou haſt made him eat
Bleſt Angels meat.

Thus thou wilt him with honour crown
VVho in himſelf is firſt caſt down,
And humbled for his ſins,
That thy love wins.

Though heaven be high, the gate is low,
And he that comes in there muſt bow:
The lofty looks ſhall ne're
Have entrance there.

O God ſince thou delight'ſt to reſt
In the humble contrite breſt,
Firſt make me ſo to be,
Then dwell with me.

Lam. 3. 39.

Wherefore doth a living man complain? a man for the puniſhment of his ſins.

WHy doth a living man complain,
VVhen for his ſins he puniſh'd is?
Since his complaint is all in vain
And he no eaſe obtaines by this,
But rather adds new torments to the ſore,
And by impatience makes his ſufferings more.

So have I ſeen i'th' Fowlers gin,
A bird by ſtriving out to get,

The faſter hath entangled bin,
And ne're could ſcape out of the net.
VVere he a while but quiet, he might ſpy
Perhaps ſome hole or other through to fly.

But man of all things hath leaſt cauſe
To murmur or complain at all,
Since by oft breaking of Gods Lawes
He juſtly in this toil doth fall.
For ſin and ſuffering are correlatives,
A Malefactor well deſerves his gyves.

A mercy 'tis that he yet lives,
And hopes a pardon he may have,
Not ſo much favour the Law gives,
It's the Law-givers part to ſave.
He ought not to complain, but to be glad,
VVhiles he's alive and pardon may be had.

VVhen thou chaſtizeſt me, O Lord,
And for my ſin doſt make me ſmart,
I'l not return an angry word,
But take it from thee in good part;
Since thou exacteſt of me leſs then I
Deſerved have for mine iniquity.

Hoſea 2.19.

I will betroth thee unto me for ever, yea, I will betroth thee unto me in Righteouſneſs, and in judgment, and in loving kindneſs, and in tender mercies.

LEt all Records be ſearched o're and o're,
Such an unequal marriage as this
Was never ſeen or heard before,
VVhere heaven and earth, God and man kiſs,
VVhere Majeſty and miſery do meet,
Power and infirmity each other greet.

Thou art the King of Glory, Lord of life,
Thy Spouſe at beſt a Creature poor; but ſince
Her fall deform'd, and no fit wife
VViil make for thee ſo great a Prince.
Go court the Angels then; yet they, though bright,
Are creatures too, and ſcarce pure in thy ſight;

How much leſs I that on my belly creep,
And cleave unto the earth, that did begin
As ſoon as I was born to weep,
As ſoon as I could go to ſin,
VVhen I polluted in my blood did lye
No eye would pity me, but all paſt by;

Caſt out i'th' open field I was, to th' ſhame
And loathing of my perſon in the day
That I was born, then my Lord came
Like the *Samaritan* that way.

And

And took me up; thy mercy did thee move,
Not my desert, that was thy time of love.

Nor is thy love fickle as most mens be,
VVho soon grow weary of their former choice,
VVhen they a greater beauty see,
But thou with me wilt still rejoice.
Thou hast betroth'd me to thy self for ever,
And if I leave thee not, wilt leave me never.

Thou that didst love me when I nothing had
That lovely was, endue me with thy grace;
For with that wedding garment clad,
Thou wilt no blemish in my face
Or any other part of me espy,
But I shall alwayes seem fair in thine eye.

And that my love to thee may never fail,
No more then thine to me, open mine eyes,
And then thy glorious face unvaile
That above all I may thee prize,
Believing I the greatest bliss obtain,
VVhen thou lov'st me, and I love thee again.

Jonah 4.

Upon Jonas *his anger at Gods ſparing of* Niniveh, *and deſtroying the Gourd.*

ARt angry *Jonah* 'cauſe God gracious is
And merciful to *Niniveh*? is this
Thy charity, that thou haſt rather ſee
Thouſands of people periſh, then to be
Deem'd a falſe Prophet? would'ſt thou have thy Lord
Deny himſelf to juſtifie thy word?
Not ſpare the Penitent, ſince thou haſt ſaid,
Yet forty dayes and *Niniveh's* deſtroid?
Not ſo; forbear thy paſſion, curb thine ire,
Let God be true, and every man a lyar.
It cruelty, not Juſtice were, if them
VVho have repented once God ſhould condemn.
God is as juſt as merciful when he
Forgives the ſinner his iniquity
Upon his true Converſion. Nor may we
Think God is mutable in his decree,
But man the Changeling is, tis his contrition
That makes him capable of *Gods* remiſsion.
The judgment thou denounced'ſt did ſuppoſe
This tacite limitation, if that thoſe
'Gainſt whom 'twas paſt, continued obſtinate
VVithout returning from their wicked ſtate.
But they repenting God, revokes his doom,
And th' objects of his pity they become;
Yet thou art angry ſtill, and needs wilt dye,
Before that God ſhall ſhew his clemency
On them, whiles thou art guilty of the ſame
For which thou doſt thy God ſo boldly blame.

Thou

Thou but a mortal man doſt pity take
Upon a gourd which God made for thy ſake;
And ſhal not the immortal God have pity
On *Niniveh*, that is ſo great a City?
A City he for his own glory made,
And muſt that City periſh whiles thy ſhade
Remains untouch't? This gourd no fruit doth bear,
Yet flouriſh muſt, whiles men for whoſe uſe were
All things created, muſt deſt oyed be,
Only to pleaſe thy froward phantaſie;
This gourd, becauſe thy covering, thou wouldſt ſpare
Though it grew up without thy coſt and care;
But *Niniveh* muſt down, which God did frame,
And to that height of honour brought the ſame,
That tis th' imperial City of the Eaſt,
Within whoſe walls reſteth both man and beaſt;
It is a ſhade to thouſands, yet muſt down,
Or elſe thy Lord ſhal now incurre thy frown.
This gourd came up and vaniſh't in a night,
Yet ſuch thy love's to it, and ſuch thy ſpight
To *Niniveh*, that though it was not built
In many ages, muſt in one be ſpilt,
Yea, thou wouldſt have one hour to deface
And ruinate this ſtately towring place
Of three dayes journey, th'wonder of the world,
Into a ſtrange confuſed *Chaos* hurl'd.
O Lord, how far thy thoughts above mans are,
Thy waies 'bove his! 'twixt them there's no compare.
Mans mercies cruel be, if weigh'd with thine;
Thy judgments, mercies be, mercies divine
And infinite. Such vaſt and mighty odds
There is 'twixt our affections and Gods;
If he were not more merciful then we,
One of a thouſand would not ſaved be;
Whom God thinks fit to ſpare, we damne to hel,
And think in doing ſo that we do wel:
All that diſſent from us we curſe and banne,
As if they were worſe then a Publican.

Ceaſe

Ceaſe, ceaſe raſh man, who duſt and aſhes art,
To contradict thy Maker, and to thwart
His righteous Judgments, which are ſo profound
A deepe, that thy ſhort line can never ſound
The bottome of them; thou may'ſt in thy ſpan
As ſoon contain the Earth and Ocean,
As comprehend them in thy ſhallow brain;
The thought's blaſphemous as th'attempt is vaine.
Seek not above thy reaſons reach t'aſpire,
And what thou canſt not comprehend admire.
Submit thy Judgment unto Gods, ſo ſhall
Thy feet ſtand firmly, whereas others fal;
Thou ſhalt like th' *Iſraelites*, walk on dry ground
Whiles others like the *Egyptians* are drownd
In the red ſea of their owne cenſures; ſo
By judging others, they themſelves judge too.
Do not conceit thy faith to be the leſſe
'Cauſe it abounds in charitableneſſe;
Without all queſtion his faith is the beſt,
Whoſe charity flames higheſt in his breſt;
And his religion is moſt Chriſtian,
That ſaves a world rather then damns a man.
Let then God mercy ſhew to *Niniveh*,
I wil not with the Prophet angry be;
But wiſh to all the ſame repentant minde,
And pray they may the like forgiveneſs find.

Zeph.

Zeph. 1.12.

It ſhall come to paſſe at that time, that I wil ſearch Jeruſalem with Candles, and puniſh the men, &c.

WHen God ſhall inquiſition make
For ſin, What man can chuſe but quake?
No place he hath his head to hide,
Lurke where he wil, heel be eſpied.
But why with candles wil God look,
As if ſome corner or cloſe nook
Of his Jeruſalem could be
(Without their light) from his ſight free?
No, he that form'd the eye wil ſee
Through the greateſt obſcurity.
Candles are uſeleſſe, when the day
Appears, we throw them then away.
Yea when the Sun begins to ſhine,
The brighteſt ſtars their light decline.
Gods eyes ten thouſand times more bright
Are then the Suns, and there's no night
At all to him; by Candles then
He ſpeaks to th' common ſenſe of men,
Letting them know, that as when we
Intend to make a ſcrutinie,
And ſtrictly ſearch for ſome rare thing
That's loſt, Jewel or Diamond Ring;
We candles light, and pore about
The houſe, we pry within, without,
Leave not a hole unſearcht, for fear
The thing we look for ſhould lye there.
So God to take all thoughts from us,
Of ſcaping his inquiry, thus

Himſelfe expreſſes; If he ſearch
Ieruſalem ſo cloſe, his Church;
What wil become of *Babylon*
The wicked Citie, where not one
Righteous is to be found? That needs
No inquiſition, their ill deeds
Are ſo tranſparent to each eye
As he that runs may them eſpie,
Where crimes are open to the view
Of all, not ſcarch, but plagues are due.
Lord give me grace for to prevent
As wel the ſearch, as puniſhment;
Teach me to caſt mine eye within
My breſt, and ſpie out every ſin
Which there lies hid, that ſo I may
(Judging my ſelf before the day)
Avoid the Judgments juſt which ſhall
Upon the wicked heavy fall.

Zech. 13.1.

In that day there ſhal be a fountain opened to the houſe of David, *and to the inhabitants of Ieruſalem for ſin, and for uncleanneſſe.*

NEver was Lepers body halfe ſo foule
As is the ſinners ſoule,
Each power and faculcie
Polluted is, not the leaſt part being free;
No Fullers ſoap, nor nitre can
Make clean this foiled ſoul of man.

But lo an holy Wel is opened wide,
Which runs from Gods own ſide,

VVhoſe

Whoſe vertue is ſo rare,
That it wil make the blackeſt *Ethiop faire*;
In this clear fountain ſinners may
Waſh all their ſpots and ſtains away.

Open it is to all, to all that be
Of *Davids* famil ie,
And of Jeruſalem;
This fountaine only opened is to them
That of the faithful ſeed are ſprung,
To them of right it doth belong.

They that are ſtrangers to the Covenant
And ſaving faith do want,
This holy Well diſdain,
As if it no more vertue did contain
Then *Abana* and *Pharpar*, which
Can hardly cure a ſcab or itch;

Much leſſe the ſpreading leproſie of ſin
Which ſticks ſo cloſe within
That nought can cleanſe the ſame
But th' *Aqua Vita* which from Chriſts ſide came:
Go then, my ſoul, and drink thy fil,
See, from his heart it doth diſtil.

What though thou very poor and wretched art,
In it thou may'ſt have part,
For tis the beggars bath
As much as tis the Kings, and he that hath
A mind for to be cleans'd indeed,
May uſe the ſame as he hath need.

Mal. 3. 17:

They ſhall be mine ſaith the Lord of Hoſts, in that day when I make up my Jewels.

YOu that of godlineſſe do make a mock,
And thoſe that are religious jeere,
As if they were your laughing ſtock;
Know that ere long God wil appear
To judge this wicked world; and then
They wil be found to be the only men.

Though now you tread them underneath your feete,
And no more reckoning of them make
Then of the duſt that's in the ſtreet,
The time ſhal come when God wil take
Them for his richeſt Jewels, and
Prize them, as 'twere the ſignet on's right hand.

Yea to your ſhame and wonder he will raiſe
The value of them above all
That you can think is worthy praiſe,
Or whatſoe're thou precious cal:
Gold is but droſſe, Pearls pebbles are
To what they ſhall be, there is no compare.

And how can it be otherwiſe, when they
Derive their luſtre from his face?
Not *Sol* himſelf ſhines at mid-day
With ſo illuſtrious a grace;
For every grace which they have here,
Shal be a glory in the higheſt ſphere.

I care

I care not then how I am vilified,
Or what the world doth make of me;
Let men at pleasure me deride,
So that I may Gods Jewel be:
For though I now am trampled down,
Hee'le make me up a diamond in his Crown.

Matth. 6.19,20.

Lay not up for your selves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where theeves break thorow and steal: but lay up for your selves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where theeves do not break thorow nor steale.

GIve o're your greedinesse, muck-worms give o're,
And trade no more;
For Apes and Peacocks, and such petty toyes
Are fit for boyes.
Men that have reason and religion too,
Scorne so to do;
They count that voyage to be lost that brings
No better things.
For all the treasures of the earth will not
Make a man happy if they could be got.

Some think the Indies to the King of *Spain*
Bring little gaine,
And that our seventh *Henry* was more wise
Them to despise,
Though offered to him; this we know, that Prince
Is poorer since;

And

And notwithstanding all his golden mines
He stil declines.
For all those treasures that are fetcht from far,
When home they come are strait consum'd in war.

What private man can then his riches boast?
He that had most
Amongst us when our troubles first begun,
Is now undone;
And he that since of thousands is possest,
Though kept in's chest
Fast under lock and key, may soon be brought
Not worth a groat.
Thus fortunes wheele is turning up and down,
To day 'twil smile on thee, to morrow frown.

Who then of this worlds wealth would guilty bee,
Since that we see
No certaintie in riches can be had?
That man is mad
Who seeks to hedge the Cuckoe in, and stay
What wil away.
For riches wings unto themselves do make,
And their flight take,
Like th'Eeagle towards heaven; none can hold
Or clip their wings, though they be made of gold.

Be wise, and lay up treasures that are sure
And wil endure
In spite of fraud or force. Heavens the place
The treasures grace.
When all your temporal estates do perish,
This stil shal flourish.
How much it doth all earthly goods excel,
I cannot tell;
But this I can assure you, there is none
Can bring it under sequestration.

Tra-

Travel by Sea or Land, go where you will,
'Tis with you still.
It costs you nought the Portage, nor will make
Your Back to ake.
No burthen 'tis, but full of ease and joy
In the convoy.
Nor Soldier nor Pirate can it force,
Or make divorce
'Twixt you and it. Once fix it in your heart,
And make much of it, it will ne're depart;

But grow from Grace to Grace, and never cease
For to increase,
Bringing forth fruits of Piety and Love,
Making us move,
Fast towards our Center, Heaven, until our soul
Knock at the pole
And enter into that eternal rest
With all the Blest.
Society of Saints and Angels, this
When all is done the only treasure is.

Matthew 10. 16.

Be ye wise as Serpents, and harmless as doves.

NExt to the Angels Man created was,
In knowledg and all parts he did surpass
The other Creatures; yet is such a fool
Become by sin, that he may go to School
To birds and beasts, the little Ant and Bee,
Both thrift can teach him and good husbandry:
The Serpent wisdom, the Dove innocence;
That to avoid, this to give no offence;

That

That to prevent dangers before they fall,
And this not to revenge a wrong at all.
How farre is man to seek in both these kinds,
He by too sad experience daily finds.
Into a world of mischiefs he doth run,
Undoing others, and himself undone.
Some Serpents craft he hath, but not the love,
The candour, and the mildnesse of the Dove;
That hath took wing long since and fled away,
Nought but the Serpents sting behind doth stay.
Malice enough to be reveng'd, but none
Of the true wisdome of the beast; that's gone.
My God, who didst both these at first instil
In Dove and Serpent; let it be thy wil
T'infuse them both in me, that I may live
So innocent, as no offence I give
To others, and so prudent too, that I
May not to injuries exposed lie.

Matth. 11.19.

Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine bibber, a friend of Publicans and sinners.

WHy should I think to be
From calumny or slander free,
When I see men afford
No better language to my Lord?
My Lord though free from sin,
Free from detraction hath not been:
If to a feast he come,
He is a glutton called by some.
If wine he drink, O then they crie
He is a drunkard presently;

If he converſe with common people, then
He's friend to Publicans and ſinful men.

My God, ſince thou didſt bear
Such vile reproaches, I'l not fear
The like, nor be aſham'd
By wicked men to be defam'd:
It is the Godlies lot,
A bleſſing rather then a blot.
Their tongue no ſlander is,
They kill me when they kiſs.
VVhen they revile, I'm ne're the worſe,
VVhen they commend me, 'tis a curſe.
Their commendation is a ſign that I
Too much with their ill courſes do comply.

Let them then do their worſt,
And ſwell with poiſon till they burſt,
Spit all their venom on me,
Till they believe they have undone me,
Caſt all the dirt they can
To make me like them, a bad man;
It ſhall not trouble me,
Since ſo they ſerved thee,
My Lord and Maſter ſuffered ſo,
VVhy ſhould I Scot-free think to go?
VVhiles thou art witneſſe of my innocence
I'l take it for a favour, no offence.

Matth. 26.39.

O my Father, if it be poſsible, let this cup paſſe from me: nevertheleſſe not as I wil, but as thou wilt.

LOrd, what a bitter draught this was,
Which made thee pray
Thy Father thrice that it might paſſe
From thee away?
'Twas deadly poiſon fil'd the glaſſe.

Thy Fathers wrath, and our ſins were
Both in one cup,
Who then could blame thee for to fear
To drink it up,
Or pray it might not thee come neer?

Yet ſuch thy love to man was, and
Thy duty to
Thy Father, thou wouldſt not withſtand
His wil, but do
What e're it pleaſ'd him to command.

Though it diſpleaſing were to thine
As fleſh and blood,
Thou ſaidſt, *Thy wil be done, not mine.*
I think it good
This cup no longer to decline,

My God, it is my purpoſe now
Sin to deteſt,

And

And never more it room allow
within my breſt,
Since with't thy cup did overflow.

But if to me diſpoſ'd thou art
Some of the gall
And bitter potion to impart,
I'l take it all,
And pledge my Lord with all my heart,

And good cauſe why, ſince I am ſure,
That on the Croſſe
Thou drank'ſt the dregs, I may endure
A gentle doſe,
'Twil not my corr'ſive be, but cure.

Mark 10.51.

The blind man ſaid unto Jeſus, Lord, that I may receive my ſight.

WHat would'ſt thou ſee poor man, that thou would'ſt
Receive thy ſight again? (fain
Should Beauty be thy object? That's a fire
Wil kindle looſe deſire,
And put thy ſoul out, making thee in minde
As in thy body blind.
I made a Covenant with mine eye, *Job* ſaid,
Not once to look on maid.
If then to gaze on beauty thou delight,
[illegible] better want thy ſight.

What wouldſt thou ſee poor man, that thou wouldſt fain
Receive thy ſight again ?
Should Riches be thy Obje&? they entice
Unto a baſer vice,
And make thee poorer then thou waſt before
By coveting of more;
Wiſhing with *Achan* for that wedge of gold,
Thou didſt but now behold;
Or elſe with *Ahab*, longing to be Lord
Of *Naboth* his Vineyard.
If then to gaze on riches thou delight,
Thou'dſt better want thy ſight.

What wouldſt thou ſee poor man, that thou wouldſt fain
Receive thy ſight again?
Should Honour be thy obje&? That's a thing
No true content can bring,
But puffe thee up with an ambitious rage,
And to high a&s engage,
With *Herod* Law and Juſtice trampling downe
Thereby to gain a Crown;
Til *Icarus* his fal become thy fate,
And thou repent too late;
If then to gaze on Honour thou delight,
Thou'dſt better vvant thy ſight.

What woudlſt thou ſee poor man, that thou wouldſt fain
Receive thy ſight again?
Should Jeſus be thy Obje&? He is one
Worth looking on alone;
For hadſt thou eies, in's perſon thou mighteſt ſee
Both God and man to be;
Humilitie his majeſtie did ſhade,
When he a man was made;
Thou couldſt not ſee his face, and live before
That fleſh had veild him o're;
As friend with friend, ſo thou maiſt with him talk
As *Moſes* once, and walk

As *Enoch* did, but more familiarly,
Since he's a man like thee
In all but sin; in him as in a glass
We see God face to face.
The Godhead bodily in him doth dwel,
Of life he is the well,
The way to heaven, the spring of grace and glory.
O 'tis too long a story
To tell thee what he is, so great 's his worth
No pen can set it forth
Though snatcht from Angels wing: wel maist thou pray
To see this Star of day,
This Sun of Righteousnes which with his raies
Produceth endless joies.
If then to gaze on Jesus thou delight,
'Twere best to be all sight.
Pray still that he would give thee the fruition
Of this thrice happy vision.

Luke 5.8.

Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man.

LOrd thou art just, I am a sinful man,
Thou art as fire, and I as tow, how can
We meet together, but I needs must be
Consum'd to dust and ashes strait by thee?
Since I so frail am, thou so furious art,
Have I not cause to pray thee Lord depart?

Yet thou art merciful as well as just,
And he from whom thou parte'st perish must.

As I do fear thy Juſtice, ſo do I
Thy mercie want to help my miſerie;
Have I not then far greater cauſe to pray
That thou wouldſt not depart, but with me ſtay?

My God, in thee both Attributes combine,
Enough for me if one of them be mine;
Thus thou whoſe preſence heaven and earth doth fil
Mayſt go from me, and yet be with me ſtil;
Whiles I am ſinful, Juſtice get thee gone,
Mercy, be thou my ſole companion.

John 6.70.

Have not I choſen you twelve, and one of you is a divel?

NOt chance, but choice did firſt Apoſtles make;
Chriſt did not them at all adventures take:
But as his heavenly wiſdome thought moſt fit,
For his own purpoſe, ſo he order'd it.
He raiſed not an army for to fight
And force religion, but did men invite
By gentle means; twelve of the ſimpler ſort
Serv'd to make up his train, and kept his court;
His father could (if ſo he had been bent)
Have more then twelve legions of Angels ſent
To wait upon him, but he was inclin'd
To put off ſtate, and put on a meek mind;
That ſo the world condemned by mans pride
Might by an humble God be juſtified.
Theſe twelve thus choſen were enabled too
By power divine all miracles to do,

All

All languages to ſpeak, and by his word
All nations to turn unto the Lord.
Let the pretenders then unto the Spirit
Prove by the like effects, that they inherit
Th'Apoſtles preaching office, and we ſhall
Obey their voice, and hearken to their call;
But whiles they ſpeak no language but their own,
Nor any miracles to work are knowne,
Yet take upon them the Apoſtles places
To teach and preach, though void of all their graces.
Have we not reaſon then to think, that they
Who enter not by th'door, but ſome back way
Into the ſheepfold, and not called dare
Intrude thus boldly, no true Shepherds are,
But wolves, that under a falſe vizard creepe,
Not to inſtruct, but to devour the ſheep?
But who would ever have imagined
One of Chriſts Colledg, which had Chriſt for head
And founder too, ſhould divel turne, and be
A traitor to his maſter? Yet we ſee
One of theſe twelve, that could preach very wel,
And wonders work, his own deer Lord did ſel
For a ſmal matter; thus the beſt of things
Corrupted once, the worſt contagion brings.
What place or perſon can be free from vice
Which ſeiſed on man even in paradiſe,
Crept into heaven, and Angels cauſ'd to fall,
Made them and an Apoſtle divels all?
To gather Churches then's a vaine attempt,
As if you could have any quite exempt
From ſinful men; when do what e're you can
The hypocrite wil be the holy man,
And put as good a face on't as the beſt:
Purge ne're ſo much your body, there will reſt
Some noxious humours in't, ſome *Judas* wil
In ſpite of you, lie lurking in it ſtil.
Chriſts Church is likened by him to a field
Which tares and wheat confuſedly doth yeeld,

And he commandeth us to let both grow
Together til the harveſt, leſt that now
By haſtie ſeparation, e're the day,
We not good husbands, but the wilde Bores play,
Rooting up both, whereas they both ſhould ſtand,
And waite the weeding of the Angels hand.
You'l ſay, by Tares is meant the hypocrite,
Which cannot be diſcerned by our ſight,
Being only knowne to God; and therefore we
May mix with him in our ſociety;
Whereas the wicked is ſo eaſily known,
We may and ought ſhun his communion.
Why then did Chriſt into his fellowſhip
Take *Judas*, ſuffer him to kiſſe his lip,
Cal him by'th'name of friend, nay give him leave
The holy Sacrament for to receive;
Although he knew his heart, and all the evil
He had conceiv'd, which made him up a divel?
And ſo no hypocrite to Chriſt was he:
What ſhall we purer then our Saviour be?
'Tis true, the childrens bread ſhould not be caſt
To dogs, yet of the crumbs the dogs may taſte;
And who knowes but the taſting of them may
Turn dogs to Chriſtians ere they goe away?
The Word alone converts a wicked mind,
Much more the Word and Sacrament combind;
Both holy be: And if we muſt forbear,
To give the Sacrament to ſome for fear
Of profanation, Why do we diſpenſe
The Word to all men without difference?
Or if we muſt not give it 'cauſe it may
Prove death to ſome that take it the wrong way;
The very ſame may of the Word be ſaid,
Therefore to preach it we ſhould be afraid
To mixed Congregations, leſt that ſome
Should worſer then they were before become.
This only ſo falls out by accident,
'Tis neither in the Word, nor Sacrament.

God

God commonly by them grace on us pours,
If it prove death, the fault's not theirs, but ours.
It is the duty then of every one,
To fit himself for this communion;
And if the Minister the danger tell
Of taking it unworthily, 'tis wel;
His own soul he delivers if he do it,
Upon their peril 'tis that wil come to it.
We wish the Church invested were again
With power, notorious sinners to restraine,
And excommunicate them too; til then
We may reprove, but not correct these men:
It is our hearts desire, and we pray
That every one rightly receive it may;
And that no *Judas* any more may be
Admitted to this blest Society;
But this is rather to be wisht then found
In this craz'd age, where more are sick then sound.
More traitors then are faithful, twelve to one,
How can we then make separation?
For if we wil not partial be, but just,
Scarce one of twelve into our flock we must
Receive; and then how many little flocks
Wil there be of us, subject to the mocks
Of all our enemies? and whiles that each
Intends his own particular, the breach
Wil wider grow i'th' general, and we
May seek a Church, but stil to seek shal be.

John 14. 2.

I go to prepare a place for you.

WHat a high favour's this,
That God ſhould be mans harbinger to bliſſe?
When *John* prepar'd the way before thy face,
O Chriſt, 'twas no ſmal grace

Unto the Baptiſt then;
Much greater doſt thou now beſtow on men,
In that thou goeſt before to make us roome
In heaven againſt we come.

Lord, we were not more glad
At thy firſt coming, then we ſhould be ſad
At thy departure; didſt not thou impart
This cordial to our heart,

Chearing our ſpirits thus,
That thou poſſeſſion tak'ſt of heaven for us;
Thou in our fleſh haſt entered there, and we
By vertue thereof be

Aſſured of our places,
As ſoone as ever we have run our races;
With all the Patriarchs we ſhal ſit down
And there receive our Crown.

It is then fit and juſt
That we ſhould think of ſhaking off our duſt,

And

And laying downe our earthly Tabernacles,
Which are to us as ſhackles,

And hinder our ſouls flight
To thoſe bleſt Manſions which are ours by right.
Let us not dreame of ſetting up our reſt
Til w'are of heaven poſſeſt.

That is our center, that
Our country is, our proper place, whereat
All our endeavours muſt aim, ſince we are ne're
At home til we come there.

O thou that art the way,
And went'ſt the way before us, grant we may
Follow thy ſteps ſo cloſe, that in the end
We may that place aſcend.

John 14. 6.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

I Came from heaven to be your guide, and I
Am he by whom your path to heaven doth lie,
The ſteps I trod on earth are th'only right
Way to thoſe Manſions of moſt glorious light;
The doctrine which I taught you is the whole
Truth, which it follow'd wel, wil ſave your ſoul,
And bring you to thoſe joyes ſhall never end,
The joyes to which bleſt ſpirits doe aſcend;
Life without death, to that your hopes muſt tend.

Acts 9. 4.

Saul, Saul, why perſecuteſt thou me?

NEver was union ſeene
So ſtrict as that between
Chriſt and his members; though in hevaen he be,
And we on earth, yet ſee
We cannot ſuffer here, but ſtrait he cryes
And feels our miſeries,
As if they were his own:
So wel to him th'are known,
That what e're perſecutions we ſuſtain,
He hath the greateſt ſhare, and wil complaine.

Talk not what vertue lies
In ſecret ſympathies,
As that between the loadſtone and the ſteele
Which do at diſtance feele
Each others force, and by an innate love
This unto that wil move,
Or that betwixt the wound
And *Talbot* powder found;
Or of that ſenſitive plant, whoſe vertue's ſuch,
That it contracts it ſelf at every touch.

All theſe, though very rare,
Secrets in nature are;
But grace a ſtronger ſympathy doth make
'Twixt Chriſt and us: we take
New life from him, as he took fleſh from us.
We now are one; and thus

Our

Our wounds are his, our ſmart
Grives him unto the heart ;
Who touch us, touch the apple of his eye,
A tender part, how can he chuſe but cry ?

You then that perſecute
And all your arrowes ſhoot
Againſt the truly Chriſtian, know that you
One day ſhall deerly rue
And pay for this your ſpite, your arrowes all
On your own head ſhal fall,
You'l find it hard to kick
Againſt the ſharpeſt prick ;
And whiles you aime at man, you ſhoot far wide,
Hitting your God thorow your brothers ſide.

Why then my ſoul art thou
So ſad, becauſe that now
By wicked men thou perſecuted art ?
Thy Saviour bears a part,
And wil revenge thy cauſe againſt thy foes ;
His hand thy wounds wil cloſe,
As though his own they were,
No more their malice fear ;
For let them do the worſt to thee they can,
Since that thy fellow ſuff'rer's God and man.

1 Cor. 6.19.

What, know ye not that your body is the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt which is in you, which ye have of God; and yee are not your own?

LOrd, what an humble God art thou,
Thus to deſcend
And be my friend,
Yea, more then friend, mine In-mate now?

Doſt not enough thy ſelf abaſe,
To look on me,
But I muſt be
Thy Temple and thy dwelling place?

This my vile Body thou doſt take,
And thinkeſt fit
To honor it,
And for thy uſe a houſe it make.

Henceforth I'l prize this houſe of thine
At a high rate,
Being conſecrate
To thee, and count it no more mine.

Not any part thereof ſhall be
An inſtrument
To ſin, but bent
In holy wayes to wait on thee.

The

The windowes in't ſhall be mine eyes
Through which I'l ſee
My God, thou me;
My tongue ſhall offer Sacrifice.

My lips the Calves which I will pay
To thee my Lord,
And every word
Well weigh'd I'l on thine Altar lay.

My Lungs the bellowes which ſhall blow
The holy fire
Of my deſire,
Till to a lively flame it grow.

My Prayer as Incenſe ſhall aſcend,
And every room
In me perfume,
That no ill ſavour thee offend.

My heart ſhall be the Holocauſt,
My hands ſhall bring
An Offering
And all ſhall ſerve the Holy Ghoſt.

1 Cor. 10.12.

Let him that thinketh he ſtandeth, take heed leſt he fall.

LEt none preſume he ſtands ſo faſt,
But that he may fall firſt or laſt:
The moſt confirm'd in grace,
Stands in a ſlipp'ry place:
He treads on ice, and if he take not care
Unto his ſteps, is down e're he's aware.

'Tis hard to keep a middle way
'Twixt two extreams and never ſtray,
Since to the worſt, mans mind
By nature is inclind;
Each vertue hath two vices on both ſides,
'Tis odds, that into one of them he ſlides.

So many ſnares, ſo many evils,
So many doubts, ſo many divels
Environ him about,
That be he ne're ſo ſtout,
His faith may faile, his feet may ſlip awry,
And he ſoon fall from his integrity,

David

David that was ſo great, ſo good,
And highly in Gods favour ſtood,
In two ſuch ſins he fell
As might have damn'd him well,
But that in mercy God pleaſ'd to reſtore
Him to that ſtate that he was in before.

Peter though he a pillar were
Of th' Church, his Maſter did forſwear,
Such power had fear to make
His former faith to ſhake.
Thus he who ſtood the day before ſo ſtrong,
Was to his grief and ſhame laid all along.

I will not be too confident
Of my faſt footing, but content
My faith and fear ſhould ſtand
Together hand in hand,
That fear may keep my faith from being too bold.
And faith my fear from loſing of its hold.

---

1 Cor. 15. 19.

If in this life only we have hopes in Christ, then were wee of all men most miserable.

I were of things the worst
And most accurst
If in this life my happiness did end,
Beasts and Birds me exceed
In strength in speed,
The Divels me in knowledg far transcend.

The wicked in sports swim
Up to the brim,
The Epicure abounds in carnal pleasure;
Th' ambitious man is crown'd
With Honours round;
The Covetous augments his daily Treasure.

My conscience will not let
Me Riches get
As others do, by rapine and deceit;
Such wayes it checks me in
Saying 'tis sin,
And warnes me of the hook under the bait.

As

As ſparks do upwards fly
Even ſo am I
To troubles born; at every turn we meet:
Reproach and ignomy
My Honours be;
My wealth ſerves but to buy a winding ſheet.

Yet courage take my ſoul,
Let faith controul
Thy reaſon; let it fix thy thoughts elſewhere;
Theſe worldly things ne're can
Make happy man;
Thy happineſſe comes from a higher ſphere,

With holy *Job* then know,
Though thou art low,
Thy head's as high as heaven; there lives he
Who thy Redeemer is,
And that thy bliſs
In ſeeing him with theſe ſame eyes ſhal be.

Worldly delights be gone,
In him alone
All wealth, all honor, and all pleaſure lies:
No ſorrowes then ſhall reſt
Within my breſt,
His hand ſhal wipe all tears from my ſad eys.

His hand my head ſhall raiſe,
And crown with joyes,
Such joies no eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
No tongue of men can tell,

Nor Angels well,
Only to feel them ſhall be my reward.

---

2 Cor. 12. 10.

When I am weake, then I am ſtrong.

WHat Paradox is this, that there ſhould be
Weakneſs and ſtrength at the ſame time in me?
A Paradox to Nature, not to Grace,
Where without contradiction both have place;
When I am weak in body, then I find
That I am ſtrong i'th' vertues of the mind;
And when I am brought by affliction low,
Then I in ſpiritual comforts high do grow.
When of my ſelf I cannot go nor ſtand,
Yet I ſupported by Gods heavenly hand
Can ſafely travel through a world of wo,
Yea, through the valley of deaths ſhadow go
And fear no ill; walk through a ſea of troubles,
Yet never ſink, counting the waves but bubbles,
Which my faith blowes away; my hope doth ſound
The greateſt depths, and even touch the ground;
When I am ready to be ſwallowed by
Deaths greedy jawes, faith ſets me up on high
Like *Moſes* on Mount *Piſgah*, whence I can
Behold a better Land, of *Canaan*.

And

And enter too, where I with joy ſhall ſee
His glories in a bleſt eternity.
If ſo much ſtrength to weakneſs doth belong,
Lord make me weak that thou maiſt make me ſtrong.

Gal. 2. 20.

Nevertheleſs I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the fleſh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved, me and gave his life for me.

BEhold the priviledg of a Chriſtian
Above another man,
Both Tenants to one Lord,
Yet in their Tenures they do not accord:
One hath two lives in preſent, and the third
In future, but confirm'd by Gods own Word.

The life of Nature firſt, the life of Grace
Takes up the ſecond place,
The life of Glory laſt,
Which comes not till the other two are paſt.
The Chriſtian eſteems the Natural
Compar'd with th' other nothing worth at all.

The

The Natural man in preſent hath but one,
And in reverſion none;
Yet he doth ſo depend
Upon that one, as if it ne're would end.
Not once conſidering how each trivial thing
Serves to draw on its ſpeedy ruining.

And as the beaſts that periſh, ſo ſhal he
To duſt diſſolved be;
Yea, a worſe miſchief ſhall
After this life this wretched man befall,
Of his unhappineſs it being the leaſt
That his ſhort breath expireth like the beaſt.

For his one life a double death ſhall have;
His body in the grave,
His ſoul in hell ſhall lye,
A ſecond death that's to eternity.
A miſerable man he is indeed,
Whoſe ſingle ſhort life two long deaths ſucceed.

I will account no more this life of mine
To be my own, but thine;
Not I, but thou doſt live
In me, who for me (Lord) thy ſelf didſt give.
It was thy love that made thee dye for me,
It is my faith that makes me live in thee?

Phil. 3. 13, 14.

I count not my ſelfe to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting thoſe things which are behind, and reaching forth unto thoſe things which are before, I preſs toward the Mark, for the prize of the high Calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus.

THis life is like a race,
Where every one's a Runner, and the prize
A Crown of Glory: Heavens the place
Where the Mark's ſet before our eyes.

I who have not as yet
Scarce run out half the way, muſt not ſit down
And think I've done enough, but ſweat
And labour hard to get the Crown.

Nor may I caſt an eye
Behind, to ſee how many I've out run,
But with the foremoſt I muſt vie
And better end then I begun.

For

For if I fail at laſt,
When I have gone the greateſt part o'th' Race,
Or give off when the worſt is paſt,
It will be much to my diſgrace.

Nor is that all, but then
Another man ſhall take my crown from me,
And I with the faint-hearted men,
Out of the Liſts quite caſt ſhall be.

O Lord do thou annoint
Me with thy oil of Grace from top to toe,
In every lim and every joint,
That I may never weary grow.

But perſevering in
My courſe with vigorous and active ſtrength,
May be ſo happy as to win
The Goal firſt, and the Crown at length.

Heb. 13. 14.

Here we have no continuing City, but we ſeek one to come.

MAn is a Creature loves ſociety,
And cannot long alone be well,
Hence God made *Eve* that ſhe
Might with him dwell.

From theſe two ſprung
A numerous family,
That to a City grew ere long,
And that impli'd ſtrength and ſtability.

But ſee how ſoon this City came to nought,
Being deſtroy'd with its own weight;
And by diviſion brought
To ruine ſtrait.

Then how can we,
A City have that's ſtrong
Or permanent? It cannot be
What's made with hands ſhould e're continue long.

The

The beſt is made with lime and ſtone, how then
Can that which is compact of ſuch
Frail matter laſt? yet men
Are frailer much.

Thoſe men that make
This City, are all caſt
In moulds of Clay, and do partake
Of earth themſelves: ſuch veſſels cannot laſt.

Nor they, nor yet their City can endure,
Many miſhaps there be will end them,
To periſh they are ſure,
None can defend them.

Each little thing
To pieces breaks their frame,
A very wind, a breath will bring
Them to that nothing whence at firſt they came.

Yet whiles their worſt part crumbles to the duſt
And falls to aſhes in their urn,
Their ſouls immortal muſt
To God return.

That God hath made
A City without hands
For them, which ne're ſhall fail nor fade:
Unmoveable its vaſt foundation ſtands.

A moſt magnificent and glorious place;
Which they that ſee't can ſcarce ſet forth,
Or give it half the grace
As to its worth.

There God keeps Court,
Millions on either ſide
Of Saints and Angels do reſort
To wait on him; this City's wondrous wide.

The leaſt of all thoſe many Manſions there
Our greateſt Cities far tranſcend,
Each one's a Kingdom which ſhall ne're
Admit of end,

This then alone
Requires our chiefeſt care
In ſeeking it, for there is none
On earth's round ball that can with it compare.

On this lets fix our thoughts, to this aſpire,
To this let all our actions tend,
Be it our ſole deſire
There to aſcend.

For all our bliſs
God hath reſerv'd above,
Our happineſs there ſeated is,
There is our Treaſure, there muſt be our love.

James 2. 20.

Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?

HEark, vain man, hark what the Apoſtle ſaith,
And do not boaſt ſo much of thy great faith;
For though 'twere able mountains to remove,
'Tis nothing worth unleſs it work by love;
Love is the life of it, 'tis that alone
Which quickens it, or elſe 'tis dead, 'tis none.
That man who breaths not at the mouth a jot,
Whoſe heart no motion hath, whoſe pulſe beats not,
We ſay is dead; the like we may infer
Concerning faith, that's dead which doth not ſtir:
If it be living, 'twill be active too,
What the heart thinks, mouth ſpeaks, the hands will do.
Let others ſhew their faith if that they pleaſe
Without their works, while I ſhew mine by theſe.
Firſt my Religion ſhal be pure, and then
Peaceable, if it be poſſible, with men;
Forgiving wrongs, giving what I can ſpare
To thoſe that want and in diſtreſſes are;
I wil be feet to th' lame, eyes to the blind,
Helpful to all, and unto none unkind.
If thus my faith be qualifi'd, I ſhall
Approve it to my ſelf, to God, to all.

1 Peter 5.7.

Casting all your care upon God, for he careth for you:

COme heavy souls, oppresst that are,
With doubts, and fears, and carking care.
Lay all your burthens down, and see
Where's one that carried once a tree
Upon his back, and which is more,
A heavier weight, your sins he bore.
Think then how easily he can
Your sorrowes bear that's God and Man;
Think too how willing he 's to take
Your care on him, who for your sake
Sweat bloody drops, pray'd, fasted, cry'd,
Was bound, scourg'd, mockt, and crucifi'd,
He that so much for you did do,
Will yet do more, and care for you.

Rev. 20. 11, 12.

And I saw a great white Throne, and him that sate on it, from whose face the Earth and the Heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, both small and great stand before God; and the Books were opened, and another Book was opened which is the Book of Life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the Books, according to their works.

HAd I the Art in painting like to him
Who did the day of Doom so lively limn,
That when a Heathen Prince beheld the same,
With terror struck, a Christian he became;
Thus would I set it forth unto your eye,
The Heavens should put on a sable dye,
Mask'd with the blackest vail of thickest clouds,
Which to the Sun, Moon, Stars should be as shrowds
To muffle them in one continued night,
Not once affording the least spark of light,
Hiding their heads as 'sham'd or griev'd to see
The horrid sins of men which then should be

Made

Made manifest and naked to the world,
And the dire plagues that on them should be hurl'd.
From this sad object let your eyes retire
To th'other side and see the earth on fire,
The Sea all bloud, the Throne of *God* on high,
Whereon he sits in glorious Majesty,
Legions of Angels him surrounding there,
Millions of men that newly raised were
Out of their Sepulchres, by his command,
To hear their final sentence trembling stand:
Below the Divels in the various shapes
Of hideous monsters, and hell's mouth wide gapes,
Casting forth flames of Sulphur and thick smoak,
Enough to blot out heaven, and earth to choak.
As soon as God hath said, *Ye Cursed, go*
Int' everlasting fire, the Divels lo
Are ready strait, and drag them down to hell,
Where they in torments infinite must dwell.
But since *Apelles* skill I want to make
This Picture right, I shall be bold to take
A Copy from the Pencil of Saint *John*,
As here I find it in his Vision.

I saw (saith he) a Throne both white and great
Of God Almighty, 'Twas the Judgment Seat;
Mysterious in the colour, which was white,
'Cause Justice should be innocent and bright.
Not like to *Herods* Throne, that was dy'd red
With blood of Infants which he massacred;
Nor sullied o're with falsehood and with wrong,
But like the milky way, clear all along.
As white for colour was this stately Throne,
So great for quantity, whereby is showne
The greatness of the Judg that thereon sits,
Past th' apprehension of the greatest wits.

For ſuch is his immenſity none can
His meaſure take; beyond the reach of man.
No Power then his Juſtice can withſtand,
Whoſe power doth both heaven and earth command;
For earth and heaven there ſhall be found no place,
When he appears they both flee from his face;
His face, the ſight whereof is heaven alone,
And joyes beyond imagination.
I ſaw, (ſaith he, the dead, both great and ſmall,
Stand before God the Judg impartial;
His judgments are a great deep, into which
All fall alike, the poor, as well as rich,
The ſmall as great; there not a cobweb lies,
Through which huge ſinners like, to greater Flies,
A paſſage force, while leſſer ſtick behind
As priſoners, and no way t' eſcape can find;
Not a net there, in which the leſſer fry
Of ſinners, like to fiſhes, may eſpy
Holes to ſlip out, whiles that the greater be
Intangled without hopes of getting free;
No, this great Judg doth ſmal and great convent
Before this higheſt Court of Parliament,
From which are no Appeals, but all muſt reſt
Irrevocable, be they curſt or bleſt.
There's no reſiſting, the ſtiff knee muſt bend,
And the ſtout heart from his high thoughts deſcend
And liſten to its doom, You ſhall ſee there
Great *Alexander* quaking ſtand for fear,
He who the world once conquer'd, and did weep,
For want of more, now in a hole would creep,
And give that world which he had conquered
For one ſmall corner in't to hide his head,
And all that wealth he got, to clear the guilt
Of all the blood which his vain glory ſpilt.
There ſhall you ſee that *Abſolom* the fair,
Who hanged was in his proud dangling hair

Con-

Confounded ſtand, expecting when to hear
A heavier judgment thundring in his ear,
Condemning him to hang in hells hot'ſt fire,
'Cauſe to his fathers Throne he did aſpire.
There ſhall you ſee King *Ahab*, who by's wife
Rob'd *Naboth* of his vineyard and his life.
And that lewd woman *Jezabel* his Queen
'Mongſt many of her Sex ſhall there be ſeen,
And for her Witchcrafts, pride, and painting ſent
To *Pluto's* Court to have her puniſhment.
There ſhall you ſee *Doeg*, who in pretence
Of holy vowes did work no ſmall offence;
For by his malice he with *Saul* ſo wrought,
That more then fourſcore Prieſts to death he brought
There ſhall you ſee the Sodomites that burn'd,
In Luſt unnat'ral, and to aſhes turn'd
By fire from heaven; but now the Lord ſhall ſend
A fire from hell to burn them without end.
There ſhall you ſee thoſe three preſumptuous men,
Core and his Complices appear agen,
Who for their ſtriving againſt *Moſes*, and
'Gainſt *Aaron* too, do ſtigmatized ſtand
To all poſterity; as th' earth before,
So now hell gapes to ſwallow them once more.
There ſhall you ſee *Uzziah*, though a King,
Condemned for his Incenſe Offering,
And taking on him the Prieſts function,
Whereto he had no right nor unction.
There ſhall you ſee *Antiochus* the Great,
Who did commit that Sacrilegious feat
In robbing of the Temple, doom'd to pains
Proportioned to his unlawful gaines.
There ſhall you ſee that glutton who did fare
Deliciouſly each day, and purple wear,
Suffering poor *Lazarus* to ſtarve the while,
Begging himſelf now in an humble ſtile

But for a cup of water to asswage
The furous flames that on his tongue do rage ;
And justly shal that tongue such torments bear,
Which pleas'd it self so much in dainty chear.
There shall you see that *Phocas* (who did slay
Mauritius his Master, to make way
For his Ambition to ascend the Throne)
Descend into the deepest dungeon
Of *Belzebubs* black Vault, perpetually
To suffer pains for his damn'd Treachery.
There you the Traitor *Judas* shall behold,
Who his dear Lord for thirty pieces sold.
There you shall see those Prophets that pretend
To inspiration, and uncall'd ascend
The Pulpit, venting of old Heresies
And most abominable Blasphemies,
Under the notion of new lights, these shall
To utter darkness be condemned all.
For I beheld the Books wide opened were,
Another Book, the Book of Life was there
Laid open too, infallible Records,
Wherein were written all the deeds, and words,
And thoughts, and names of men, which shall be read
In publick then, and they be punished,
Or else rewarded with great woes and joyes,
According unto all their works and wayes.

Upon

Upon a Snake in a Garden of Flowers, having ſtung one that trod upon him unawares.

WHo thought this Snake would e're have found
An entrance into this incloſed ground,
Or that a Serpent here ſhould hide his head
Under this ſweet and flowry bed?

But 'tis no newes, for long ago
(It was the Divels trick man to entice)
A greater Serpent made his way into
A better Garden, *Paradiſe.*

And ever ſince there is no place
Of pleaſure which we would impropriate,
But that therein the Serpent ſhewes his face,
Though we diſcover him too late.

We ſee him not before we feel
That we by his envenom'd teeth are bit,
And when, *Achilles* like w'are hurt i'th' heel,
We ſeek for Balſom to cure it.

Better it were if we took heed,
How to avoid the Serpent e're he ſtung;
So ſhould we feel no pain, nor medicine need,
But ſafely ſit our flowers among.

Whiles we ſecurely take delight,
Amidſt our many ſweet and fragrant flowers,
The divel Serpent turnes and doth us bite,
And with ſharp pains our pleaſure ſowrs.

Let us look then before we leap,
And timely ſeek the danger to prevent,
Leſt we in ſtead of joyes do ſorrowes reap,
And when it is too late repent.

Upon Divine Love.

HOw ſtrong is Love, what tongue expreſſe it can,
Or heart conceive, ſince it made God a man?
How ſtrong is Love, which made that God-Man dye,
That man might live with God eternally?
Lord, let this love of thine my heart inſpire
With love again, as ſparks riſe from the fire.
Thy love's a Sun, give me a beam from thence,
Which may both light and heat alike diſpence,
Light to direct others the ſureſt way
That leads to heaven and everlaſting joy:

Heat

Heat to preſerve in me a conſtant motion
Of fervent Zeal to thee, and pure devotion;
That all my thoughts, words, actions may prove
There is no paſſion half ſo ſtrong as Love.
A paſſion is't? a divine vertue rather,
Which from a Deity ſprings, and calls God Father;
Yea, Love is God, and God is love; O then
Adore, but not profane it with thy pen!

The Eccho, or Anſwer of a good Conſcience.

WHat's a good Conſcience, Eccho, canſt ſay? Ay.
Say then, and what 'tis manifeſt. A feaſt.
Where is't? i'th' Underſtanding wholly? O lye.
Is it then (Eccho) in my breſt? My reſt.
Reſt? is't from pain or ſin, ſay whether? Either.
If both, 'Tis heaven on earth, a Saints bliſs. Yes.
Is't in our own or others powers? Ours.
O then a jewel 'tis, rich and bright. Right.
Then tell me how ſhall I come by it? Buy it.
If Gold will buy 't, Gold I'l provide. O wide.
If Gold will not, what elſe will do it? Do it.
Is't not enough that I believe well? Live well.
Dos't not conſiſt in good affections? Actions.
To get it are good works the beſt way? Ay.
How long muſt this be my endeavour? Ever.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE Concerning the *JOYES of HEAVEN*, And the *PAINES of HELL*.

DAMON. PHILLIS.

Phillis.

Damon, Is't true, or do they fain
Who say that we shall live again
After w' are dead? *Dam. Philis*, 'Tis so,
That thou and I, and all must go
To another world, where we
In endless Joyes or Pains must be.

Phillis,

Damon, I prethee *Damon* tell,
How call'st thou it? *Dam.* Heaven or Hell.

Phillis.

What is Heaven, *Damon*? say.

Damon.

A place where all the year is *May*.

Where

Where every bird doth ſit and ſing
Continually, as in the ſpring,
Where are alwaies to be ſeen
Flowry meadows, paſtures green;
Where many ſprings and fountaines meet,
As Chryſtal cleer, as hony ſweet;
Rich flocks, whoſe fleeces are of gold,
And whoſe fleſh never wil grow old,
But the Ewe is as tender there,
As the new fallen Lamb is here.
The ſhepherd needs not watch to keep
Either from wolfe or bear his ſheep.
No beaſt comes there that's fierce or wild,
They are all innocent and mild;
No grief nor want amongſt them found,
But all are wel, and ſafe, and ſound.
Our Roundelayes harſh diſcords be
Unto their ſweeteſt harmonie,
Beyond the muſick of the ſpheares.
O thou wouldſt wiſh to be all ears,
Our feaſts, if we to theirs compare,
Not feaſts, but rather faſts they are:
Their food ſo ful yet without waſte,
O thou wouldſt wiſh to be all taſte.

Phil.

O happie place, be thou my guide
That I may ever there abide.
But once more *Damon*, prethee tell,
What is that place thou calleſt Hel?

Dam.

A diſmal place, where is no light,
'Tis alwaies winter, alwaies night,
Where vultures feed on men, and where
The Screech-owle cryeth all the year,

The ground with flames is parcht about,
Like those mount *Etna* sendeth out,
No flowers nor wholesome herbs are seen,
Not any that are sweet or green
Grow in that soile, which nought else breeds
But hemlock, and such poisonous weeds,
Which who so tastes, he soon goes sad,
And thorow deep despaire runs mad;
No fountain, but one standing ditch,
Whose water is as black as pitch,
Bitter as gall, so foul doth stink,
That you may smell before you drink;
But if you drink, it poisons you,
And makes you black as it self too.
There be no sheep, but goats, whose hair
Doth like bores bristles wildely stare.
They're old and tough, and monstruous evil,
Fit meat for none, but for the divel.
Pandora's box there opened first,
Hath made the place e're since accurst
With all diseases, which do still
Much torment cause, yet never kil;
Th' inhabitants there never dye,
But in quenchlesse fire they fry;
Their best musick is the groans
And howlings of the damned ones;
In stead of feasting on good meat,
The worm of conscience doth them eate;
Like *Tantalus* fruit they may see,
Yet never taste, but starved be.

Phil.

O wretched place! be thou my guide,
That I may never there abide,

Upon the peoples denying of Tythes in ſome places, and ejecting their Paſtors.

THe ſhepherd heretofore did keep
And watch the ſheep,
Whiles they poor creatures did rejoyce
To hear his voice;
But now, they that were uſ'd to ſtray,
Do know the way.
So perfectly, that they can guide
The ſhepherd when he goes aſide.

To pay the tenth fleece they refuſe,
As ſhepherds dues;
They know a trick worth two of that,
They can grow fat,
And wear their fleece on their own back,
But let him lack
Meat, drink, and cloth, and every thing
Which ſhould ſupport and comfort bring.

What ſilly animals be theſe,
Themſelves to pleaſe
With fancies, that they nothing need,
But ſafely feed
Without the ſhepherds careful eye?
When lo they die

E're

E're they be ware being made a prey
Unto the wolfe by night and day.

Beſides, they're ſubject to the rot,
And God knowes what
Diſeaſes more, which they endure,
And none can cure
But the ſhepherds skilful hand;
In need they ſtand
Of his Phyſick and his power
To heale and help them every houre.

The danger ſet before their eyes,
Let them be wiſe;
Not truſting to their own direction,
Nor protection,
But to his rod, his ſtaffe ſubmit;
His Art, his wit
For every ſore a ſalve hath found,
And wil preſerve them ſafe and ſound.

The ſouls wiſh.

O How I long to be diſſolv'd, and ſee
This mortal put on immortalitie!
Me thinks each day's a yeer, each year's an age
Til I arrive at that moſt glorious ſtage

Of

Of heaven, where Saints and Martyrs gazing on,
Look if I tread the ſame ſteps they have gone;
But I (like *Drake*) ſo great a compaſſe take
About the world, ſuch ſtrange Meanders make,
That they have got the goal in ſhorter ſpace
Then I have been in running half my race.
So have I ſeen a chriſtal ſtreame to glide
In various windings by a meadowes ſide,
Making a thouſand paces 'bout the ſhore,
Which in a ſtrait line had not been twelve ſcore.
O my deer God, caſt down thoſe banks of ſin
That interrupt my ſoul from running in
An even channel to thy Sanctuary.
Ad wings unto my feet, which ſoon may carry,
Unto her Ark my Dove-like Spirit, bleſt,
By being fixt i'th' center of all reſt.

Upon Chriſts coming to judgment.

LOrd, when thou com'ſt to judg the world with right,
Thou'lt ſteale upon us like a thief i' th' night,
Or like a flaſh of lightning from the skie,
Or like the ſuddain twinkling of an eye,
Or like the pains on woman, much about
The time when once that her account is out.
O let me like to that good husband watch,
Leſt that the thief me unprepared catch;
O let thy Grace be evermore my light,
That th'other lightning may not me affright.

O let mine eye be ever fixt on thee,
That thy last coming I with joy may see.
O let me cast up my accounts so well,
That I may never feel the pains of hel.

The Antipodes.

WHy art so sad and sullen, O my Muse,
That now to make a verse thou dost refuse?
Must thou be mov'd by a reward to raise
Thy fancie up? Lo here's a sprig of Bayes
To make a lawrel; if that wil not do it,
Meere indignation wil create a Poet.
Art thou not angry yet at these mad times?
Canst thou forbeare to write Satyrick rhimes?
A rod is good for mad men in their fits,
'Twil them restrain, if not restore their wits;
The world is a great Bedlam, where men talke
Distractedly, and on their heads doe walk,
Treading Antipodes to all the Sages,
And sober minded of the former ages.
They were content (good souls) with slender meat,
Such as their gardens yeilded they did eate:
A sallet, bread, and water fresh that ran
From the next spring, did dine a Gentleman.
They were content (good souls) for to be clad
In skins which from the beasts backs could be had,
And so it did them from the cold defend
It was enough, they had no other end.

They

They were content to ſit under the ſhade
Of their own Vine, ne're offering to invade
Their neighbours, or take arms them to oppreſſe,
So they their own might quietly poſſeſſe.
They were content with ſuch inſtructions as
From their own Prieſts and Prophets mouths did paſſe,
And with that fear and reverence did them hear,
As though the only oracles they were:
It was the golden age of the world then,
When merit and not mony raiſed men.
Grace was their gold, their hearts were the rich mine
Where vertues moſt tranſparently did ſhine.
Faces about now, and behold the ſceane
Turn'd topſie turvie, all things changed cleane,
No fare contents us, but what's fecht from far,
And deerly bought, and cookt with curious care,
And dainty ſauces; thus with art we ſtrive
Our appetites to kil, and to revive:
We of our bellies Gods do make, and thus
Are gluttons beyond *Heliogabulus*.
No drink contents us, but the richeſt wine,
And ſtrongeſt beer, which we ſwil in like ſwine,
Keeping no meane, but quaffing round about,
Til all the wine's in, and the wit is out.
No clothes content us but the richeſt ſtuffe,
And coſtlieſt die, elſe 'tis not gay enough;
Nay, it is nothing worth, unleſſe the faſhion
Come like Queen *Sheba*, from a forraign nation.
We change our habits like the moon, our ſhapes
With *Proteus*, and are made the Frenchmens Apes.
No living wil to us contentment yeild,
But we muſt ſtil be laying field to field,
Wiſhing this Lordſhip, purchaſing that Farme;
If mony wanting be, then force of arm
Shal make it ours, or ſubtiltie of wit,
One way or other we wil compaſſe it.

No

No teaching now contents us the old way,
The Lay-man is inſpired every day,
Can pray and preach ex *tempore*; the Prieſt
With all his learning is deſpis'd and hiſt
Out of the Church, and ſome have lately ſed,
He ſhould be ſhortly brought to beg his bread.
We've nothing of the golden age, unleſſe
That Gold's our Grace, and Gaine's our godlineſſe;
Not manners now, but monie makes a man,
Yea many think it makes a Chriſtian;
As if none were religious but the rich,
And the poor body damn'd were for a witch.
Doſt ſee my Muſe the world turn'd upſide down,
The Prince on foot, whiles mounted is the clown;
The beggar now a purchaſer, and hee
That was worth thouſands, brought to beggerie?
Doſt thou behold all this, and canſt be mute?
Come take thy bow and arrowes, aim and ſhoot
The ſharpeſt of them, caſt thy keeneſt dart
At this mad age, and ſtrike it to the heart;
Come dip thy pen in vinegar and gall,
And never leave til thou haſt vented all
Thy juſt ſpleen on it: if it ſtil grow worſe,
Let it expect not thine, but Gods great curſe.

To a Gentlewoman that was extremely troubled with the Tooth-ach.

I Grieve and wonder ſo great pain
You ſhould from one ſmal tooth ſuſtaine,
That you can neither eate nor drink,
Nor all the night ſcarce ſleep a wink;
Yet to your comfort, this I'l ſay,
That to hell pains 'tis but a toy,
A pleaſure, if compar'd it were
To what the damned ſuffer there.
If in one tooth ſuch anguiſh lies,
What torments from that fire ariſe?
This in a night or two is paſt,
But that doth infinitely laſt:
In this, one member akes, no more,
In that all members o're and o're:
In this the body doth but ſmart,
In that the ſoul too bears her part.
Think then that this is all the hell
Which you ſhal feele, and you are wel.

Upon

Upon a Paſsing Bel.

HEark how the Paſſing Bel
Rings out thy neighbours knel,
And thou for want of wit,
Or grace, ne're think'ſt on it,
Becauſe thou yet art well.

Fool, in two dayes or three,
The ſame may ring for thee;
For deaths impartial dart
Wil ſurely hit thy heart,
He will not take a fee.

Since then he wil not ſpare,
See thou thy ſelf prepare
Againſt that dreadful day
When thou ſhalt turn to clay,
This bel bids thee beware.

Upon

Upon the ſetting of a Clock-Larum.

O What a drowzie lump of fleſh is man!
Whoſe life being no longer then a ſpan,
Great part of that ſhort ſpan is paſt away
In ſleep, ſo that 'tis hard for us to ſay,
Whether we live or no; for whiles that we
Repoſe our ſelves, dead to our ſelves we be,
Without all motion and intelligence,
Till this ſhril Larum quicken our dul ſenſe,
And make us living ſouls to th' day ariſe,
Like *Adam* when he opened firſt his eyes.
Yet this ſleep's ſhort and ſweet, if we compare
It to that other wherein many are
Profoundly ſteep'd: a ſpiritual ſleep in ſin
The major part o'th' world is drowned in;
That but the Body's nap we know to be,
This the ſouls everlaſting Lethargy,
Unleſſe God waken it; to that intent
He hath to man a treble Larum ſent;
His Word firſt from his Prophets mouth did beat
A Parley, and from ſin ſound a Retreat,
Saying, Thou ſleeper wake, attention give
To what I ſay, hear and thy ſoul ſhall live;
Let not thy ſins turn day into black night,
Riſe from the dead and Chriſt ſhal give thee light.
And leſt this Larum ſhould not be of force
From this dead ſleep in ſin to raiſe a Courſe,

He ſets a ſecond that with ſecret art
Beſides the eare, pierceth the very heart;
His ſpirit it is, and when the other failes
To rouze the ſleepie ſinner, this prevailes.
But if his eares and heart be ſo faſt barr'd,
That neither of theſe larums wil be heard,
Then ſounds a third, Gods judgements powring down
Upon his head, and making it ring noone,
Flaſhing like lightning, ratling too like thunder,
Parting his ſoule and body far aſunder,
Til ſo from ſleep in ſin he fal at laſt
To ſleep in death, and in the grave is caſt,
From which he ſhall not wake before he heare
Th' Archangels dreadful larum in his eare,
Saying, Ariſe ye dead, to judgment come,
And from Chriſts mouth receive your final doome.

Scylla and Carybdis.

TWo gulfs there are 'twixt which 'tis hard to ſail,
And not be ſhipwrackt: here prophaneneſſe ſtands
With all it's brood of vices at its tayle,
There ſuperſtition with its numerous bands

Of falſe traditions; 'twas the main intent
Of our late Pilots between both to ſteere:
But froward fate, to ſeamen incident,
Made them miſtake their way; for whiles they fear

To

To ſink into the gulf of ſuperſtition,
They in the gulfe of profanation fal,
And in the furious heate of oppoſition
'Gainſt Papiſts, are like to turn Atheiſts all.

So ſome of th' ancient Fathers in diſpute
Againſt one hereſie, did too much bend
Unto another, and their arrow ſhoot
Beſides the mark, thus marre what they would mend.

But cannot we keep in the middle region
Except we ſink too low, or ſoar too high?
Is there no moderate temper in religion,
But we muſt either ſcorch'd or frozen die?

What hath the Church no habitable part,
Betwixt the torrid and the frozen Zone?
Nor hath the Churchman learnt as yet the Art
O' th' moraliſt, that vertue leans to none

Of the extremes, but in the center lyes?
So doth religious Truth, if we could find
It's track out; but the fault is in our eyes
That wil not ſee, or rather in our mind,

That wil not keep the road and ſafeſt way
Which by the beſt and wiſeſt men is gone,
But rather through unbeaten deſerts ſtray,
Which lead to nothing but confuſion.

O God, be thou our Pilot once again,
Or put some *Pharos* up, that by the light
Our ship the Church may saile safe through the main,
And not be swallow'd by these gulfs i' th' night.

Upon Lay-mens preaching.

ART thou offended, because thou dost see
Eldad and *Medad* both to prophesie
Within the camp, although they came not neer
The Tabernacle, nor inabled were
Til th'instant by the Spirit? Do not say,
Moses forbid them; rather wish and pray
That all Gods people Prophets were; for so
The meekest man on earth *Moses* did do.
But when an *Ignoramus* shall professe
Himself a Prophet, and inspir'd no lesse
Then *Moses* or *Elias*, and pretend
The Spirit is on him, to no other end
Then to foment a faction, and decry
All learning in the University:
When that Mechanick fellows from their trade
Shall *Aarons* office offer to invade,
And mount the Pulpit, publickly expound
The Sacred Scripture, though they have no ground
For what they say, but meerly what proceeds
From spleen or fancie; so they sow their weeds
I'th' furrowes of weak hearts, which grow apace,
Choaking the good seed and the herbs of grace

Sown

Sowne by the Miniſters of God before,
'Tis time, high time, that they be bid give o're,
And that with *Joſhua* we cry, *My Lord*
Moſes, forbid them to abuſe Gods word.
But if both we and *Moſes* ſilent are,
And none the madneſſe of theſe Prophets dare
Reprove, either the ſimple Aſſe wil do't
(The vulgar ſort) and ſpurne them with his foot,
Scorning to learn of thoſe who nothing know,
But what they bring from ſhopboard or from plough,
Or elſe let them expect their doome to hear
From Gods own mouth (which the worſt Judgment (were)
Theſe Prophets run, yet them I have not ſent;
I have not ſpoken to them, yet they went
And propheſied deceits, even in my name;
I am againſt them therefore to their ſhame,
And wil confound all thoſe that lies do teach;
No more (my people) do you hear ſuch preach;
But ſeek the word at their mouths who are wel
Train'd up at feet of learn'd *Gamaliel*,
Eliſha's double portion do inherit,
Being call'd both by the Church, and by the Spirit,
Who can my holy myſteries unfold,
And forth their treaſures bring things new and old,
Who can confirm their truths by ſtrength of reaſon,
Mercy and judgment ſing, each in their ſeaſon;
That can their ſeveral portions give to all,
Humble the proud, and raiſe up them that fall;
Have milk for babes, and meat for ſtronger men,
Can teach both by their preaching, and their pen;
Prune the luxuriant, prop the weaker plants,
Have fords for lambs, and depths for Elephants.
The men thus qualified, are thoſe I ſend,
To ſuch, and only ſuch you muſt attend.

Upon

Upon the contrary effects of Tobacco in himself and his friend.

IS it not wondrous strange that there should be
Such different tempers 'twixt my friend and me?
I burn with heat when I Tobacco take,
But he on th'other side with cold doth shake;
To both tis Physick, and like Physick works,
The cause o' th' various operation lurks
Not in Tobacco, which is stil the same,
But in the difference of our bodies frame:
What's meat to this man, poison is to that,
And what makes this man lean, makes that man fat;
What quenches ones thirst, makes another dry;
And what makes this man wel, makes that man dye.
So the same Sun we see, hardneth the clay
By his reflex, but melts the wax away;
So the same word of God doth *Saul* convert,
And softneth his, but hardneth *Pharaoh*'s heart.
What ere the difference of our bodies be,
Lord let the temper of our souls agree,
That so thy Word the same effect may have
On both of us, not to condemne, but save.

Upon

Upon a good yeer of Corn, and a quick harveſt.

HAve we not had a fruitful yeer of grain,
Fair weather too to bring it in amaine?
And ſhall we not an offering to him pay,
Who gives us richly all things to enjoy?
Did not the heathens ſhew their thankfulneſſe
To their Corn goddeſſe *Ceres*, and expreſſe
The ſame by ſacrifices of the beſt?
And ſhal we faile our thanks to manifeſt
To our true God, who bears the Chriſtian name?
O let not us fall ſhort of them for ſhame!
But what wil he accept? What ſhal we bring?
A ſheafe of wheat, or ſome ſuch trivial thing?
That were but paying him in his own coyne,
A ſingle penny out of his whole Mine;
We ſhould preſent the beſt we can deviſe,
A reaſonable living ſacrifice,
Our ſouls and bodies purified from ſin,
That, ô that's it which he delighteth in;
That is the Corn which Angels ſhal with joy
Reap, and into Gods heavenly Barne convey.

Upon his walking one day abroad, when ſometimes the Sun ſhone warm, and ſometimes the winde blew cold on him.

THis emblem's forth the world aright,
Which now ſhines on me hot and bright,
Now it blowes cold on me,
But ne're wil conſtant be;
'Tis juſt like the weather,
Hot and cold together.
One while it mee with many favours crownes,
Anon it ſtabs me with as many frownes.

Why do I then my truſt put in it,
Seeing it varies every minute?
I may goe court the moon,
And ſtop her courſe, as ſoon
As bind the world to ſtay
My faithful friend a day.
If it be ſo inconſtant, I intend
To ſeek out if I can, a ſurer friend.

But where is he? Not here below,
Where Sun doth ſhine, and wind doth blow,

But

But in the heaven above,
There do I fix my love
On one that changeth never,
Being the ſame for ever;
It is my God who is ſo faſt a friend,
That whom he loves, he loves unto the end.

What though ſometimes he ſeems to frowne,
And with rough winds to blow me down?
The fault's not his, but mine,
For he would alwaies ſhine
On me; 'tis I that change,
My ſins make him look ſtrange;
Yet under his bent brow I may diſcover
Some ſmiling glances which betray a lover,

Shewing that he deſires no more,
But that I be as heretofore;
For 'tis his only aime,
To make me ſtil the ſame
To him, that he may be
The very ſame to me.
Lord, let me thy unchanging favour find,
I ſhall not need the Sun, nor fear the wind.

Upon a dream, that he was writing his Sermon Notes upon his naked breſt that very morning that was the Anniverſary of his Baptiſm.

THat on the High Prieſts breſt-plate there was wrote
Urim and *Thummim*, it was not for nought;
'Mongſt other ends, ſome thought it did imply
Soundneſſe in's doctrine, in's life ſanctity.
What e're it ſignified, his lips we know
With learning ſhould, his heart with grace o'reflow;
Both which preſent him fairer farre then all
The ſparkling ſtones in *Aarons* Pectoral.
He of all Preachers ſurely is the beſt,
That writes his ſermon firſt on his own breſt;
He prints his Notes before he ſpeaks them, who
What e're he teacheth is reſolv'd to do
Himſelf, and thus becomes a double guide,
Doctrine on this, example on that ſide.
He that hath *Eſaus* hand, and *Jacobs* voice,
Builds with the one, with th' other he deſtroyes.
Lord, thou didſt firſt imprint thy Law within
The Tables of mans heart, and when that ſin
Defaced had thoſe characters, thou then
In ſtonie Tables printedſt them again;
Since they are broken, humbly I implore,
That thou wouldſt write them in my heart once more,

Ne're

Ne're to be blotted out, that ſo I may
Both read them, and obſerve them every day;
So I thy holy Veſſel ſhall impart
A taſte to others, yet within my heart
Retain a ſavour to my ſelf, and ſo
The way I point to others I ſhall go:
So what Saint *Paul* ſtrove for, I ſhal enjoy,
Having taught others, be no Caſt-away:
And as thy Law is written in my mind,
So in thy Book let me not fail to find
My name inſcrib'd with thine own ſacred hand,
Which ſhall indelible for ever ſtand.
But why upon my Chriſtning day this dream
Preſented to my fancy? 'Twas a Theam
Fit for the day, for when the ſoul is made
Pure by that waſhing, then a ground is laid
For Gods hand-writing; 'tis like Virgin wax,
Which only his Divine Impreſſion lacks.
My God baptize me once more with thy blood,
And ſince thou doſt not find me, make me good.
Waſh my ſoul clean, and that I may be knowne
To be thy Child, O ſeal me for thine own.

A Soliloquy upon the Circumciſion, commonly called New-yeers-day.

WAs't not enough that God himſelf became
Man like to me, and in all things the ſame,
Excepting ſin alone; but he muſt be
Under the Law, and circumciz'd for me?

O extasie of love! which for my sake
The Son of God the Son of man did make;
Make him, an infant, shed some drops of blood,
As the first fruits to that more liberal flood
That flow'd in a full tyde, from every part,
His hands, his feete, his side, his head, his heart;
Whereof a soveraign balme he did compound
To heale my wounds, and make my sick soul sound.
What present, O my soul, hast thou to pay
Thy God? What New-yeers gift this New-yeers day?
Give him thy self, who gave himself for thee;
A better offering there cannot be.
Do somewhat like him too, and circumcise
The foreskin of thy heart; then sacrifice
Thy purer thoughts to him, and now begin
This day to live to grace, to dye to sin.

An other upon the Resurrection, commonly called Easter day.

THis day my Lord rose early from the dead,
Whiles I securely sleep in my soft bed,
Not dreaming what he did my soule to save
Which lay long dead, and buried in the grave
Of sin. Haste then my soule, and take new breath
From Christ, to raise thee from this spiritual death;
Up with the break of day, and break thy chains
Made by thy sins, and wash away thy staines
In that pure fountain which was opened wide,
And runs yet fresh out of thy Saviours side.

He

He riſing left his grave clothes all behind,
Do ſo by thine, and baniſh from thy mind
All thoughts of putting them on any more,
But riſe as gold refined from its ore,
Ne're to contract more droſſe from earth again,
Clear and unſpotted as the light remain;
So when that Chriſt to judg the world ſhall come,
Thou ſhalt not tremble at the day of doom,
But boldly ſtand before the judg, and hear
The final ſentence publiſht without fear;
To thy eternal comfort he ſhall ſay,
Good ſervant, enter thou thy Maſters Joy.

A Colloquy upon the Aſcenſion, commonly called Holy Thurſday.

The SPEAKERS.

ANGELS, CHRIST, APOSTLES.

Angels.

WHo's this from *Edom* comes, with garments di'd
From *Bozra*? Di'd in blood, which from his ſide

His

His deer side issued? Wast not he that late
But three dayes since was crucifi'd? What state
He marches in? The clouds his Chariot are,
And on the wings o'th' wind he rides: 'tis rare,
We ne're beheld the like unless it were
When once a fiery Chariot did bear
The Prophet hither, which we wondred at;
But this a greater wonder is then that:
That Prophet di'd not, but alive was caught
And by the power of God to heaven brought
We saw each wheel supported by his hand,
Yea, we assisted by divine command,
By special commission being sent
To wait upon him all the way he went.
Besides, when he the Heavens mounted had
Amongst his fellow Prophets, he was glad
To take his Seat; but this man hath the grace
To sit above us all, and take his place
At Gods right hand, to him all knees do bow.

Christ.

Cease, cease your wonder and I'l tell you how
And why this is; know I am God and man;
As man I cannot do't, as God I can:
As man *I* dy'd, and lay three dayes i'th' grave,
As God I rose again, mighty to save
My self and others from deaths greedy jawes,
From sins inthralment and the divels clawes.
I trod the wine-press of Gods wrath alone,
And of the people there was with me none.
I look'd but no man help't, all from me fled,
Yet mine own arm mine enemies conquered
And led Captivity captive; now as King
Of Kings I come salvation for to bring
Unto my Church, and graces to powr down
Upon her, and with glories will her crown.

In

In the mean time, do you deſcend with ſpeed
To comfort my Diſciples at their need,
Lo at the *Mount* of Olives yet they ſtay
Still looking after me: begone, away.

Apoſtles.

Oh we have loſt the ſight of him, no more
Shall we enjoy his preſence as before.
What will become of us who now are left
To the wide world, of our dear Lord bereft?
O that we had the ſwift wings of a Dove
To fly unto the boſome of our Love?
There we ſhould reſt ſecurely from all harmes,
Embracing and embraced in his armes.
But what is this? behold another ſight,
Two men or Angels rather, clad in white.

Angels.

Leave gazing thus ye men of *Galilee*.
For this ſame Jeſus you ſhall ſhortly ſee
Returne again in the ſame manner as
You now beheld him hence to Heaven paſs;
He's gone but to prepare for you a place
Againſt the time that you have run your race.
Leave wiſhing too, for wiſhes will not raiſe
You to the manſions of thoſe endleſſe joies
Where he reſides: but let your thoughts all bend
In heavenly converſation to aſcend,
Follow his holy ſteps, for ſo you ſhall
Have your Aſcenſion, bodie, ſoul, and all.

Apoſtles.

We thank you for your counſel, and obey.
This having ſaid, they all depart away.
Th' Angels to heaven, th' Apoſtles homeward went,
Expecting when the Spirit ſhould be ſent.

And

And they endu'd with power from the Lord
To ſave the world by preaching of the Word.

Upon all Saints day.

SUch honour have all the Lords Saints, that we
Keep this day holy to their memorie;
And reaſon good, for they examples are
To us in life and death of vertues rare;
For though all vertues in ſome meaſure met
In all the ſaints as lines i' th' center, yet
Some ſpecial grace in every one did dwel,
Wherein each one the other did excel.
Thus *Abram* for his *Faith* was moſt renown'd,
Job for his ſingular *Patience* was crown'd;
Moſes for *Meekneſſe* did all men ſurpaſſe,
Elias for his *Zeale* moſt famous was;
David is for an *Upright heart* commended,
Joſias for a *Tender heart* tranſcended;
John the Evangeliſt for *Charity*,
And *John* the Baptiſt for *Auſterity*;
Saint *Paul* for his *Humility* ſurmounted,
When chief of ſinners he himſelf accounted,
And leaſt of all th' Apoſtles, though indeed
For pains and parts he did the reſt exceed;
Peter for *Penitence* the prize doth bear,
Who for his ſinne ſhed many a bitter teare:
Now as their life to us ſerves for a light,
So is their death moſt precious in Gods ſight,

By

By that we learn to live, by this to die,
By both we come to immortality.
Since then they are ſuch happy guides, wel may
We ſolemnize at leaſt one annual day
Unto their honour, yet not guiltie be
Of ſuperſtition or Idolatry.
When we obſerve this day, we do no more
Then reverence them as Saints, not them adore.
God's the ſole object of our invocation,
They but the pattern for our imitation;
And 'tis our prayer alwaies on this day,
That we their godly living follow may,
Til we with them at laſt come to partake
Of joyes unſpeakable for Chriſt his ſake;
Whiles thus we celebrate this feſtival,
None can us juſtly ſuperſtitious cal.

To Chriſt.

A Poem of Hugo Grot. *Sil. lib.* 1. *p.* 10. *Tranſlated.*

O Chriſt, which art the head of every thing,
From whom a better life then this doth ſpring;
Thy Fathers meaſure yet unmeaſured,
Whom (whiles that he himſelf contemplated
In his high mind) he ſtreams forth light of light,
And ſees himſelf in's equal image bright;
Like whom the world, and the worlds guardian, man,
Was made: but O, he ſuddainly began

To be rebellious, his high honour loſt,
And preſt with crimes (which him moſt deerly coſt)
Becoming guilty of the greateſt pain,
In this ſtate lay, and had for ever laine,
But that thy Father his caſe pitying, did
Give thee, who with himſelf before waſt hid
Under concealed light; eternal love
Unto his Church did him to mercy move.
His truth by dreams he wil reveal no more,
Nor viſions by his Prophets as before;
But willing now a living *Law* to make,
And laſting league with men; lo thou didſt take
A mortal body, and a man-like face,
Yet not begot the way of humane race
By filthy luſt, but thou conceived waſt
By power divine born of a Virgin chaſte;
Though thou no purple hadſt to cloth thee, then
Being newly born, nor bands of armed men
To compaſſe thee about and be thy guard,
Yet Citizens of heaven keep watch and ward,
And divine Anthems ſang about thy ſtal
More royal thus then any Princes Hall.
The beaſts and ſhepherds thee incircled there,
Poor, but far happier then all Kings they were
In that they knew thee; thou a new come gueſt
Wert by thy heaven to earth made manifeſt.
The *Magi* ſtood amaz'd, a ſtarre to ſee
Ne're ſeen before; how great (ſay they) is he
That's born, to honour whom new ſtars appear?
Yee fierie ſignes of heaven your light forbear,
Forbeare ye wandring ſtars, and *Charls* his Wayne
To guide the Paſſengers upon the Maine,
For through the various waves of things below
And life's uncertainties, this Star doth ſhow
The way, not that which unto *Babylon* brings,
Proud in the Courts of her *Aſſyrian* Kings,

Nor

Nor to the Palaces of *Tibur* ſtout,
Nor to *Jeruſalem*'s turrets, but points out
The Cottages of *Bethlehem*, and the door
Of ſhepherds tents; Jewes ſeek your King no more
Amongſt the Cornets and the Trumpets ſound,
And th' Arms wherewith mans furie doth ſurround
Himſelf; ye know not, wretches as ye be,
How neer a thing to heaven is povertie,
How ſweet to ſuffer; tel the *Parthians* now,
Goe tel the *Romans*, tel your *Herod* how
Hee'll make the blind to ſee, the lame to walk,
Hee'll make the deaf to hear, the dumb to talke,
Hee'll heal all plagues and ſickneſſes with eaſe,
By's word not herbs, and calm the raging ſeas.
Thouſands he wil with little food ſuſtain,
Himſelf long time with none, and raiſe again
The dead, make water wine at his command,
And walk upon the ſea as on dry land.
Let them whom jewels deck, let Martial men
Try if they can perform the like again;
Theſe my poor Chriſt can doe, not doth he cure
Bodies alone, but minds of men make pure,
Purges their breſts that are poſſeſt with ſin,
And heals the plague-ſick world which we live in.
Thus a right way he takes, whiles thoſe that ſtand
And mightie are, he puls down with his hand;
Thoſe that are weak and fallen he erects.
But look what ſtirrs i'th' heavens; What ſtrange aſpects
And ſtrife of things; Whiles ſo great good in thee
Is recompenc'd with hateful crueltie;
Not by the *Scythian*, or the barbarous men
Of *Affrick*, or the north Pole Citizen,
But by good *Abrahams* off-ſpring, who alone
Of all the nations was thy choſen one.
Such miſchiefe black ambition can do,
Whiles't being incenſ'd with pride and hatred too

It rages under faigned piety;
A ſimple fate thou didſt not periſh by,
But as a thief thou di'dſt, though innocent,
To undergoe our ſin and puniſhment.
The ſins of all the world did lye on thee
Since *Adam* ate of the forbidden tree;
From that firſt hour to this they preſt thee all;
On us thoſe bonds, on us thoſe blowes ſhould fall.
Thoſe ſharp black thorns ſhould prick our temple veins
The Sergeant ſhould us drag to endleſſe pains;
The nails ſhould pierce our hands, the ſpear our ſide,
And we without delay be crucified:
But ſo it did thy Father pleaſe, and Thee,
To mingle Mercy with Severity.]

Boet. Met. 4. l. 1. Tranſlated.

HE that lives quiet in a ſetled ſtate,
And treads below his feet high minded fate,
That either fortune upright can behold
With an undaunted face, and courage bold;
Not all the raging threats o' th' ſea, nor yet
Veſuvius ſmoaking fires, when ere they get
Out of their broken Chimneys, nor the bright
Flaſhes of lightning which are uſ'd to ſmite
The higheſt Towers, til to ground they fall,
Can move this man, or trouble him at all.
Why doe men ſo much Tyrants rage admire,
Since they want ſtrength unto their fierce deſire?

Hope

Hope for no good from them, and fear no harm,
So you their feeble anger shal disarme.
But he whose fears are great, or hopes are bent
To what is not his right, nor permanent,
His Buckler casts away, his ground he leaves,
And to enthral himself a chaine he weaves.

The 5. Met. of the second book.

THe former age, but too much blest
With fruitful fields, content did rest
Not with dul luxury, yet lost
Their hunger, staid with little cost;
A slender Chesnut them suffic'd,
They had not yet the way devis'd
To mix live hony with their wine,
Nor were they grown so proudly fine
In their apparel, as to staine
White fleeces in a purple graine.
On Sallets sup'd, sweet sleep they took,
And drink had from the running brook;
The lofty Pine was then their shade,
Not yet through deep seas did they wade;
Strange coasts the Merchant had not sought
For wares far fetch'd and deerly bought;
Then the shril trumpets did not sound,
Nor bitter hatreds then were found
To die their horrid arms with blood;
For how could fury think it good,

First to make War, when it could see
Nothing but deadly wounds to be
The pay of blood-shed? O that now
Our much corrupted times knew how
From their ill customes to return
To th' ancient manners; but they burn
With love of gain, which is so great
It puts down *Ætna*'s fires for heat.
Alas, who was't that first made bold
To dig those precious Perils, Gold
And richer Jewels, which would fain
Concealed from our sight have layne?

Upon the Right Reverend,
And most Learned
Dr. PRIDEAUX,
late Bishop of *Worcester*.

SInce *Prideaux* dy'd, farewel the Muses nine,
Farewel all Learning humane and divine;
For why should we pretend to any part
Of Science, when the Genius of all Art
Lies dead and buryed? Now to make a verse,
And think therewith to deck his golden Hearse,
Were like a boy t' a Generals grave that runs,
And shoots off squibs in stead of greater guns,
To solemnize his Funeral; 'twould be thought
Done in a jeer, and be be whipt if caught.

Alas

Alas we cannot ſpeak his praiſe, for death
E're ſince it rob'd his body of his breath,
Hath left us ſpeechleſs, all tongues were his own,
All learned Languages to him were known.
He with deep judgment had more Authors read
Then others Indexes, and might be ſed
To be a living Library, admir'd
By this laſt age, and by the next deſir'd.
The Univerſity is in deſpair
To find a Succeſſor like him i'th' chair;
His clear deciſions he delivered there,
As Oracles divine received were:
His Arguments and Anſwers would admit
Of no Replies, ſo home, ſo ſure they hit,
Preferment he ne're ſought, it ſought him rather,
Firſt he a Doctor was, and then a Father
Of this our Church; we juſtly mourn his fall
Who was a Biſhop Oecumenical.
His Dioceſs of Knowledg was ſo vaſt,
That throughout all the Univerſe it paſt;
Betwixt the Puritane and Papiſt he
Like a ſtrong Rock faſt fixt was in his ſee,
Againſt both Factions he did upright ſtand
Inclining not a jot to either hand;
But a ſound Proteſtant he liv'd and dy'd,
One of the Learnedſt e're was of our ſide.
They that lov'd Learning and a Scholers name
Raiſe Pyramids to his immortal fame.

To his much honoured Friend and Kinſman, Sr E. B.

WEre I to draw Griefs picture to the life,
I'd take't from you now mourning for your wife:
Armes folded, fixed eyes, and full of tears,
Repeated ſighes, neglected cloaths and hairs,
Pale face, no words but what are pumpt by force,
Small difference is betwixt you and a corſe.
Sure 'tis not you, but your Ghoſt, come to tell
How much you lov'd your Lady, and how wel,
That having but one ſoul between you two,
She being gone, you had no more to do
But vaniſh ſtrait; ſuch power hath love to make
An husband pine away for his wifes ſake;
Yet all this but of grief's the outward part,
I cannot limn the ſorrow of your heart,
Nor can I ſee, nor can you ſhew the pain
And anguiſh which you inwardly ſuſtain.
Only I can imagine that a flood
Runs from the red ſea of your own heart-blood,
That every time a tear falls from your eye,
A crimſon drop followes it inſtantly;
That every ſigh, like to an hollow wind,
Doth but preſage a ſanguine ſhowres behind;
That to your beſt beloved fain you wou'd
Swim through both rivers of your tears and blood.
But ſtay a little, whiles the furious tide
Of your ſwoln ſorrow flowes on every ſide,

T' op-

T' oppoſe it, were the next way to be drown'd;
But when it ebbs you may behold dry ground,
And walk ſecurely through that ſea to th' ſhoar
In which you might have been o'rewhelm'd before.
Heark then, your Lady calls to you from far,
And prayes you turn your grief for her, to care
Of your deer children, that, as Poets fain,
Minerva was the iſſue of *Joves* brain
Without a mother's help, ſo they may prove
The iſſue of your mind as of your love;
Thus for their being and their breeding too,
They'l owe a double duty unto you.

To his truly honoured Lady, the Lady R.

MAdam, Though you have many changes ſeen,
Yet y'are the ſame as you have alwayes been;
Times work no more on you then upon heav'n,
In all eſtates y'are ſo ſerene and even;
Surely *Copernicus* opinion's true,
The earth's the only thing that moves, and you
As being of an heavenly conſtitution,
Unſhaken ſtand in all this revolution
Both in the Church and State; with you it fares
As with the Angels or the fixed Stars,
Which give their light and influence to men,
Yet are not ſoiled with their ills agen.
You are as good and vertuous, nay more
Religious ſince thoſe times then e're before;
For though that moſt grow worſe by imitation
Of th' Epidemick ſins, are now in faſhion,

'Tis

'Tis contrary with you, who do deteſt
All ſin the more, the more it is profeſt;
And as when heat's with cold environ'd, 'tis
Hotter by the Antiperiſtaſis;
Juſt ſo your Piety by oppoſition
Of others wickedneſs, receives addition.
And may it ſtill to that degree proceed,
That you may never more perfection need.

To the noble Lady, and to him much endeered, the Lady M. T.

WE envy *Shropſhire* now, ſince it of late
Doth you impropriate,
Not letting us have the leaſt ſhare in you,
To whom a part is due.
We wiſh your *Buckland* houſe a Palace were
That we might ſee you there;
For ſince the time that you went hence away,
We not our ſelves enjoy.
In loſing you we loſe our better part,
And now we have no heart.
Or quick'n us with your preſence as before,
Or elſe we languiſh, and can live no more,

To the no less honoured Lady, the Lady P.

SOmewhat I owe unto your honoured Name,
But cannot pay it, yet you may not blame
The Poet, but your self, as cause of it,
Since that your worth is far above his wit,
And either you below your self must fall,
Or else want his *Encomium*; for all
That he may say or write in your just praise
Will but eclipse your Sun and cloud its rais.
'Tis true, he knowes you not (which is his grief)
But by report, and that hath made you chief
Of all your Sexe within your Hemisphere
There's none in competition will appear,
Your vertues raise you to so high a state,
They may admire but hardly imitate.
You need not blush, as if this were too high;
To write the Truth, I hope's no flatterie.
Now (*Madam*) if you please to cast a look,
Or spend some spare time on this little Book,
And in it any thing that's good do view,
Then challenge it, for it belongs to you;
What's vain or worthless in it that decline
And pass it by I challenge that for mine.

To the eminent Scholer, and Honor of our Church, Dr. HAMMOND.

ALthough the times forbid you now to preach
In publick, yet your learned Writings teach
Us how to live in these unhappy daies,
How we should upright walk in slipperie waies.
You are our *Oedipus*, and do untie
The knottiest points in all Divinitie.
Such is the power of your judicious pen,
It stops the mouthes of all gainsaying men;
The Presbyter is routed and undone,
He flies the field since you the day have won.
At last your greatest Work you have put forth,
But I'm not able to express its worth,
So excellent it is, and like good wine
Commends it self, it needs no bush of mine.
Go on t' instruct the world, and with your light
Shine out to guide us in the darkest night
Of ignorance and Error, which will soon
(Unless prevented) make us grope at noon.

To

To the truly vertuous, and his most esteemed Cousin, Mrs. M. B.

A Learned woman and an humble too
May for a Miracle amongst us go.
She's Mistris of all Arts, and of one more,
To shew so little of so great a store;
That woman which hath more then common worth
Seldom wants tongue enough to set it forth;
But she that knowes much with Sobrietie,
Is somewhat like unto the Deitie
Veild o're with humane flesh, which seems to be
God manifested, yet a Mysterie.
Much more she is indeed, then she'l appear,
Her inside's Velvet when her outside's hair.
Like to a vessel full of precious wine,
Or like unto a rich concealed Mine;
The vessel makes no noise, but pierce it, then
Is liquor yeilds that chears the heart of men;
The Mine conceal'd, though rich, no profit brings;
But once discovered is a prize for Kings.
A miracle, a Mistris of all Arts,
A mysterie made up of all choice parts,
A vessel fil'd with Nectar, a rich Mine,
All these you are, though you all these decline,
And make your self more then your self to be
By letting us not half your merits see.
Thus *Jacobs* Vision is made good to you,
When e're you sleep, you may the Ladder view,

Reaching from earth to heaven, made without hands
At foot whereof *Humility* there ſtands,
Knowledg above upon the higheſt round,
All other Graces like the Angels found
Aſcending and deſcending up and down,
To court you here a while, and there you crown.
This makes us ſomewhat jealous, and to fear
Leſt by this Ladder they attempt to bear
You ſoon to heaven, and leave us in the night
Of ignorance when we have loſt our light.
Stand ſtill in our Horizon then, we pray,
Like *Joſhuahs* Sun, and double make our day;
For you impart a greater influence here
Then when you ſhall be fixt i'th' higheſt Sphear.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady M. C.

WEalth, Honour, Vertue once combin'd
To make one perfect of the female kind,
At length they met with you, and did proteſt
To go no further, but ſet up their reſt
Within your armes: thoſe now that mean to ſhare
In them, muſt borrow what you pleaſe to ſpare:
You ſuperrogate, and there doth lye
Such ſtore of them in your rich Treaſurie,
That you may well afford ſo much as will
Some meaner perſons in good meaſure fill.
The after droppings of a Cataracke
Will raiſe the leſſer brooks that water lack't,
The gleanings of your Vintage will go neer
To make ſmall Veſſels run o're once a year.
Thus unto others you enough may give,
Yet in all fulneſs you your ſelf may live.

Upon his loſing his way in a miſt.

I Thought I could not go aſtray,
So perfectly I knew the way:
Yet in a Miſt I miſs'd it, and
Err'd now on this, now on that hand,
And till the fog was by the Sun
Diſpell'd, I in a maze did run
And ride as if 'twere Fairie ground,
Or that the Puck had led me round;
So whiles I want a heavenly light
The day's to me as dark as night,
Which way I go I cannot tell,
Whether it be towards heaven or hell;
But this I know, that there is odds,
I tread the divels track, not Gods;
For Gods way ſtrait and narrow is,
The divels broad and hard to miſs.
O Sun of Righteouſneſs then ſhine,
And ſoon diſperſe this miſt of mine,
Lighten the darkneſs of my mind,
That I the way to heaven may find.

To two Parties going to Law about ſmall matters.

LOok how the ſteel forceth with ſeveral knocks,
Fire from the flint into the Tinder-box,
So do you ſmite each other, till you force
Gold from your own into the Lawyers purſe.
O how like foes they brawle on either ſide,
And yet like friends your money they divide,
Leaving you bare as an Anatomy,
All that you get you may put in your eye,
And never ſee the worſe; then take from me
This Counſel freely, and without a fee,
Agree between your ſelves, and make an end,
Do you to him, he to you condeſcend.
Thus whiles you both unto each other yeild,
You'l both o'recome, and loſing win the field.

To an envious and malicious person.

WHy envi'ſt thou thy Neighbour, canſt thou tel?
Is't 'cauſe in Wealth or worth he doth excel?
That will not make thee richer then thou art,
Nor him the poorer, but twill vex thy heart;
That will not make thee better, nor him worſe,
But bleſsing bring on him, on thee a curſe.
Or why malign'ſt thou thine enemy?
Is't 'cauſe he hath done thee ſome injury?
That will not mend the matter, but incenſe
Him to a ſecond and more high offence,
Adding of wrong to wrong. O then be wiſe,
And do him all the good thou canſt deviſe,
So on his head thou ſhalt heap coals of fire,
And ſoftly melt his heart to thy deſire.
So maiſt thou make thy foe to be thy friend,
And whom thou canſt not break, thus gently bend.

To the common Drunkard, falsely called a Good Fellow.

CAnnot friends meet but they must drink t' excess?
Must all your mirth conclude in drunkennes?
Accurst be he brought it in fashion first;
Before ye were content to quench your thirst,
And not exceed three or four cups at most;
Now you carouse till all your reasons lost,
And like to overheated Dutch men, yee
Drink till ye fight, and fall to snicker snee.
He that invites his friend t'a drunken feast,
Keeps out the man and entertains the beast:
A feast 'tis not, but a base Bacchanal,
Where the beast man a Sacrifice doth fall.
Worse then a beast he is, for no beast will
Be made to drink a drop more then his fill.
But man his belly makes a tun, his brain
A bog, and drinks till up it comes again.
Vile man, whom God next t' Angels did create,
Below a Bruit thus to degenerate!
For shame give o're this most unmanlike sin,
Which too long hath thy daily practise bin,
Redeem thine honour drown'd in Ale and Wine,
And thy soul settled on the Lees refine:
When thy debauched life thou shalt correct,
Thou happier daies in *England* maist expect.

Upon an old man holding an Infant between his arms of his own begetting.

HEre *Natures* contradiction behold,
The extremity of Ages, young and old,
The two first Books of *Moses*, *Genesis*
And *Exodus* bound up together 'tis,
May sitting in *Decembers* lap, the Spring
With Autumn joyn'd together in a ring.
Youth in the bud new started from the womb,
Shakes hands with age now dropping in the Tomb,
The worlds beginning and the end together,
The day and night, Sunshine and rainy weather,
Nonage and dotage, generation
Met with corruption, and the Creation
O'th' child the dissolution proves to be
O'th' father, who destroy'd himself whiles he
Begets a son, and like the Phœnix, from
His dust and ashes doth another come.

To one that married a very rich, but a very deformed woman.

WHo is't that sayes it was not love
Which you unto this match did move?
'Twas love, but love of money sure,
That thus to wed did you allure;
'Twas not the beauty which doth lye
In your wives cheek, or lip, or eye,
Or any other part that shines,
Save only in her golden Mines.
It were the Angels in her chest
That first made love within your brest,
There sit the *Cupids*, there the Graces
Reside in those red and white faces.
In having one wife you have many,
Each bag a wife is, how then can ye
Chuse but be rich? for such as these
Being put to use will soon increase,
Nor will their beauty fade, for th'are
At fifty more then fifteen fair,
As pure good mettal, as refin'd
An age hence, as when they were coin'd,
Provided you keep them in binds
From falling into hucksters hands.
If Pleasure be not, Profit's in
Your match, Poligamy's no sin.
In a free State you may be bold
To marry every piece of Gold,

Though

Though they ſo numerous be as will
The Great Turks vaſt *Seraglio* fill.
Yet take my counſel, look well to them,
For many chances will undo them;
They may be call'd in by the State,
And valued at a lower rate;
They may be rounded and defaced,
Or with worſe mettal be debaſed;
They may perhaps ſuffer a rape,
Be plundred from you; ſhould they ſcape
Theſe Accidents, yet wings have they
Like *Cupid*, and will flee away,
Leaving you little elſe behind
But your ſad choiſe and ſadder mind:
For when your money's gone, your wife.
Will ſtay to vex you all your life.

His

His opinion concerning diſputations in the Country, where the Major part of the Auditory are Illiterate perſons.

'Tis ſeldome ſeen a popular diſpute
Doth any good; you may perhaps confute
But not convert a heretick; he wil,
Say what you can, hold faſt his errour ſtil.
Beſides, the vulgar Auditors do weigh
All arguments as their affections ſway,
Not as their reaſon, and think that the beſt
Which with moſt noiſe and eagerneſſe is preſt;
So they adhere unto the worſer ſide,
Or go away much more unſatisfi'd
Then they came there, like ſome young Conjurers ſpel,
Raiſing more divels up, then he can quel
Or lay again; like Bees, the common rout
Wil ſwarme about your ears and buzze you out,
But humme the Factions up, and lowdly cry
On your Antagoniſts ſide, Victory.
Forbear then ſuch diſputes henceforth to move,
For fear they ſhould the Churches ruine prove;
Theſe points are fitter for the Preſs or Schooles.
It is the beſt way not to anſwer fools
According to their folly, which wil riſe
Higher by oppoſing, let alone it dies.

Upon

Upon his late Ague, or the new Feaver, as it was call'd.

WHat a ſtrange thing's this Ague? which doth make
Me like an earthquake firſt with cold to ſhake;
Then like mount *Etna* burn with fervent heat,
And by and by diſſolve into a ſweat?
Sure 'tis ſome *Cacodæmon*, by his art
Inſinuating himſelfe in every part;
Now in the head, then in the back it lies,
Sometimes i'th' ſtomack, ſometimes in the thighs,
Now like a Souldier whom nothing can fray,
He ſets upon me boldly at midday;
Then like a thief ſteals on me late at night,
Or early e're th'approach o'th'morning light.
Shame of Phyſicians 'tis, for all their tribe
Cannot a certain remedie preſcribe.
Fauſtus or ſome ſuch Conjurer would be
The better Doctor in this cure, for he
Might by his magick charms perhaps expel
This freezing, burning, ſweating ſpirit of hel.
If then it wil no other way be gone,
I wil turne Conjurer, but an holy one,
And with my prayers to heaven exorciſe
This evil ſpirit thus; Let God ariſe
With healing in his wings, and firſt begin
To heal my ſouls diſeaſe and ſickneſſe, ſin,
Then let this great Phyſician apply
A ſalve to cure my bodies malady;

Thou

Thou that didſt legion with a word expel,
But ſpeak the word, thy ſervant ſhal be wel.

The Accident.

WAs it by negligence, or accident,
That in my ſickneſſe as my ſervant went
To warme my bed, ſome aſhes ſhe let fall?
Neither perhaps, but 'twas prophetical,
Foretelling that I muſt to aſhes turn,
And ſhortly be incloſed in my urne.
And if that providence hath ſo decreed,
Welcome i'th' name of God, let Death ſucceed
His elder brother, Sleep, and then give way
To Life again, ſuch as the ſaints enjoy.
Now on my grave I think, and yet not quake,
Since thence as from my bed I ſhal awake;
When I lie down in duſt I doe not die,
But take a nap, and riſe t'eternity;
My ſoul ſhall reaſſume it's duſt again,
And in a bleſſed union ſtil remain.

Upon his Recovery from his Ague.

WHat ſhal I render unto thee my God ?
Since thou haſt with thy rod
In meaſure me corrected, to prevent
A ſharper puniſhment,
That I may not condemned be at laſt,
And in the lake of fire and brimſtone caſt ?

Seven violent fits I had, to ſhew that I
Am mortal, and muſt die :
But then ſuch was thy wil, I had no more,
Thou Lord didſt me reſtore
To health, and having brought me neer the grave,
Declaredſt then thy mighty power to ſave.

How much thy mercy doth thy juſtice paſſe ?
A ſinful man I was,
Seven times a day I have offended thee,
Yet thou forgaveſt me ;
Yea though my ſins exceed the ſtars of heaven,
Yet thou my plagues reduced haſt to ſeven.

Alas, all ſeven doe ſcarce to one amount ;
Juſtly I cannot count
Them altogether half a plague, they goe
But for a ſtroak or ſo,

And only ſerve to let me underſtand
They come not from a judg, but fathers hand.

A wiſe and tender father that doth ſmite
In mercy not in ſpite,
Not to avenge himſelf, but me t'amend,
Which is the chiefeſt end
In all his chaſtiſements: he wil not break
The bruiſed reed, not quite o'rethrow the weak.

But having humbled him, moſt gently then
Raiſeth him up again.
O Lord, do ſo by me, and ſhew thy ſtrength
In my weak ſtate at length,
That like a Tree on both ſides rock't by th'wind,
I may grow ſtrong in body and in mind.

Stronger in both to ſerve thee, and to give
Thee thanks that yet I live;
And let me uſe this my recovered health,
Not to increaſe my wealth,
Or ſpend it on my luſt, as is mens faſhion,
But to thy glory and mine own ſalvation.

Upon a great ſhowre of ſnow that fel on May *day*, 1654.

YOU that are weather-wiſe, and pretend to know
Long time before when it wil rain or ſnow,
When 't wil be faire or foul, when hot or cold,
Here ſtand and gaze a while, I dare be bold
To ſay, you never ſaw the like; may more,
You never heard the like of this before.
Since Snow in *May*; you may hereafter make
A famous Epoch in your Almanack.
Prodigious 'tis, and I begin to fear
We have miſtook the ſeaſon of the yeer;
'Tis Winter yet, and this is *Chriſtmas* day,
Which we indeed miſcal the firſt of *May*.
Summer and winter now confounded be,
And we no difference betwixt them ſee,
Only the Trees are bloſſomed, and ſo
The *Glaſſonbury* Hawthorn uſ'd to doe,
Upon the day of Chriſts nativity,
As *Cambden* tels in his Chorography.
The youths for cold creep in the Chimneys end,
Who formerly the day did ſprightly ſpend
In merry May-games; now they hang the head
And droop, as if they and their ſports were dead.
Perhaps ſome ſuperſtitious Cavalier,
That lov'd to keep his *Chriſtmas*, wil go near

To

To make an ill interpretation
Of this, and cal't a judgment on the nation
For our deſpiſing of that time and ſeaſon
Againſt the ancient cuſtome and right reaſon,
As he conceives, and ſince wee'l not allow
One in December w' have a Chriſtmas now.
But wee a better uſe may make of it;
And though not to our minds the Weather fit,
Yet to our ſouls convert the ſame, and thence
Extract this wholeſome holy inference.
From this unſeaſonable change of weather
Without us, what's within us we may gather;
When in our hearts the Summer ſhould begin,
And graces grow, 'tis Winter by our ſin,
All froſt and ſnow, nothing comes up that's good,
The fruits o'th' Spirit nipt are in the bud.
Our May's turn'd to December, and our Sun
Declines before he half his courſe hath run.
O thou the Sun of Righteouſneſſe diſplay
Thy beams of mercy, make it once more May
Within our ſoules, let it ſhine warm and clear,
Producing in us yet a fruitful year.
Let it diſſolve our ſnow into a ſhowre
Of hot and penitent tears, which may procure
A bleſſing on the Nation, and at laſt
A General pardon for all faults are paſt.

The Concluſion.

To my dread Soveraigne
And deer Maſter,

CHRIST JESUS,

King of Kings.

THou King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
I owe my ſelf and all I have to Thee,
My Muſe no tribute now affords,
But what firſt comes from thine own Treaſurie,
A leafe of praiſe
Is all that I can raiſe.

And yet that leafe is taken from
Thy Tree of grace thou graftedſt in my heart,
Accept it then, ſince it doth come
From that ſtock which to me thou didſt imparr;
It is thine own,
To all the world be't known.

I do confeſſe the ground in which
'Tis ſet, is poor, and long hath barren been,

For

For how alas, could it be rich,
When nought but thorns and thistles grew therein?
O let thy grace
Above my sins take place,

And in my heart the upper hand
Let it stil have, a happy victorie,
That I thy Champion may stand
Undaunted 'gainst all that oppoſeth thee:
So whiles I live,
I shall thee praises give.

Or if whiles in this Vale I stay,
To praise thee well wil be too hard a thing,
Then to thy holy hil convey
My soul, where I may Hallelujahs sing
In an higher
And better tuned Quire.

FINIS.